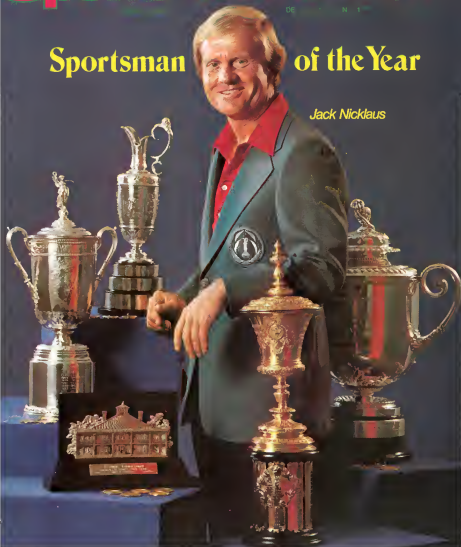


SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

Sportsman of the Year

Jack Nicklaus





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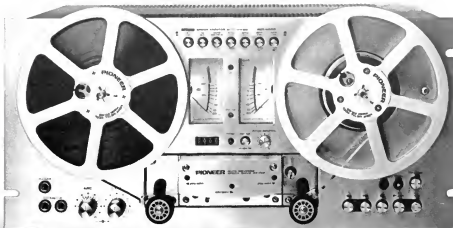
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THE RT-707

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A LEGENDARY LONER among sailors who make singlehanded ocean voyages, Alan Coles of France is still lost at sea while all the others in the transatlantic race in which he was competing have been accounted for. By William Oscar Johnson

Editorial Services: Norman Aron (212) 774-7049, George Kaye,

Michael E. Keene, Benjamin Lightman, Carolyn R. Pappas, Ed-

ward, (212) 774-7049

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who have
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places to go
for the holidays
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The article that begins on page 84, *The Good Fight—For 102 Years*, was written by Kenny Moore, and is a reminiscence of his grandfather, Fred Moore, who will be 102 years old on New Year's Day. We think it fitting that his extraordinary life be recounted here by his gifted grandson, and fitting also that it be included in our year-end issue, which focuses on the participation by all manner of people in all manner of sports. Surely more than a century of robust living qualifies Fred Moore as our ultimate participant.

Last fall, when word of the project went out, relatives rallied to the cause with anecdotes, each with his or her own favorite memory of Granddad. Kenny gathered these up, added his own memories and interviewed his grandfather to fill in the gaps. Then Kenny, the son, handed the finished piece to his father, Melvin. "I was a little hesitant, having my father read something I'd written about his father," Kenny says, "but I certainly didn't expect him to react the way he did."

"I was shocked," says Melvin. "It really jerked me to my feet. That isn't the way I see my father."

Next, Kenny showed the story to his aunt, Vivian Bristow. She was "horrified! I never think of my dad in those terms—fighting in bars, moving from

place to place. I think of his strength of character, as well as his physical strength. And I'm a bit less critical of his poetry."

"After all, we had lived with Dad for a long time before Kenny knew him," says Melvin. "Dad was 75 when they met." Vivian agrees, adding, "During the Depression, or when the mills went out, Dad would lose his job, but he always found work, and we felt secure. He could sell anything, and if he'd had an education, why, we'd all be wealthy today. I wanted Kenneth to write about that, and what a wonderful father he was to us all."

It was left to Kenny's mother, Marian, to point out that a grandfather and a grandson have a special relationship, unlike that of a parent and child. She sees Kenny's view of her father-in-law as an adoring and gentle one, unclouded by obligation or loyalty, and their relationship as an exclusive mutual admiration society. Here, Vivian concurs. "Dad follows Kenneth's writing and running closely," she says, noting Kenny's fifth-place finish in the recent Honolulu marathon. "When SI arrives, Dad looks first for an article by his beloved grandson. When he doesn't find one, he'll tell me, 'Kenneth doesn't have a piece this week. He's going to be fired if he doesn't start writing soon.'"

At his wife's insistence, Melvin read the story again and was persuaded of its merits. In turn, he persuaded his sister of them, at which point it occurred to someone to ask Granddad himself what he thought of it all.

"Well," he said, "I was disappointed that David Falconer, who came to take my picture, couldn't play pool." An oversight for which we apologize. But the story? "A lot of foolishness," he pronounced.

We respectfully disagree, and are sure that no one who comes to know this amazing man through the delicate and moving pen of his grandson would miss the opportunity to wish Fred Moore a very, very happy 102nd birthday.

Kelsey F. Sutton

FRED MOORE ON THE BALL AT 102



Sports Illustrated

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SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM LEGGETT

TENNIS, EVERYONE

Professional tennis is the most fragmented and chaotic of sports. But perhaps not for long. Come January, the Men's International Professional Tennis Council will try to aim its members in a sensible direction. Good luck, MIPTC, both on the courts and, probably, in the men.

The MIPTC is now insisting that during the 35-week, 100-tournament Grand Prix circuit, players must appear in a minimum of three tournaments worth \$175,000 and up, as well as in three with prize money of either \$50,000 or \$75,000. The purpose is to ensure that star players will indeed play after people have bought tickets to watch them do just that.

Every player will have to list, by preference, 10 tournaments from each grouping, and the Council says it will try to accommodate their wishes. During the 35-week Grand Prix circuit, a player may miss three \$175,000 events to play in round robins, TV tournaments or whatever, but if he misses a fourth \$175,000 event he will be suspended from four straight \$175,000-plus Grand Prix events and will be subject to even more severe penalties.

"The players can't have the best of both worlds," says MIPTC Chairman Bob Briner. "They can't say, 'We want to play in the World Series, but we don't want to go on the road in June and July.'"

T TIME

Each week the NBA press releases include statistics covering nearly every phase of the game—minutes played, shots taken, rebounds grabbed, shots blocked, points scored, personal fouls committed, etc., etc.—but one important statistic is missing. Although technical fouls are considered to be of enough importance to be carried in box scores, they don't make the weekly release.

Harvey Pollack, the publicity director of the Philadelphia '76ers, nobly, if unofficially, fills the gap by keeping track of T's. According to Pollack, in each of

the last two seasons Kevin Loughery, the coach of the New Jersey Nets, has led the league with 42 technicals. By comparison, the Lakers' Jerry West was a perfect gentleman, being hit with none. Among the players, the 1977-78 leaders by position and total number of technicals are Center Sam Lacey, Kansas City (13); Forward Maurice Lucas, Portland (12); and Guard Eric Money, then of Detroit (15). Al Bianchi of Phoenix led the assistant coaches with nine.

With one-third of this season over, it looks as if Loughery is a lock to break his own record, having already been hit with 23 technicals. Lacey, on the other hand, has only been assessed two T's and his title appears in jeopardy. As of Dec. 15, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Jim Chones and John Ginnelli lead the centers with five apiece; George McGinnis is tops among forwards with eight; and Charlie Scott is the worst-behaved guard, having been hit with seven T's.

MILESTONE

Next May will mark the 25th anniversary of the historic race in Oxford, England, in which Roger Bannister became the first man to run the mile in less than four minutes. Although more than a thousand sub-four-minute miles have been run since then, it still came as something of a shock when the AAU announced recently that the new, lowered qualifying times for next June's track and field championships included 4:00.0 as the standard in the mile. If a runner hasn't clocked a four-minute mile or the metric equivalent, he cannot enter the 1,500, which has replaced the mile on the championship program in recent years.

Thus in running, as in many other human pursuits, what was once a pinnacle of achievement has become the minimum acceptable level of performance.

BRAVE NEW LEAGUE

Come April, a new Triple A baseball league, the Inter-American, will begin play. It was sanctioned two weeks ago

by the National Association of Professional Baseball, and franchises have been approved for Caracas, Maracaibo, Panama City, Santo Domingo, San Juan and Miami. The two most interesting things about the Inter-American League are 1) none of its clubs will be affiliated with a major league team, which means that players will have to be recruited and signed as free agents, and 2) the Miami Amigos are meant to appeal to that city's vast Cuban population, currently estimated at 500,000.

The Miami-Ft. Lauderdale area ranks 10th in the nation in metropolitan population but has never been considered a prime market for big league baseball. Should our relations with Cuba further improve, however, a franchise in Havana could quickly turn Miami into the best minor league franchise in the game.

CHEWING OUT

The Toledo Goaldiggers of the International Hockey League were beating the Muskegon Mohawks 4-2 after the sec-



ond period but Terrible Ted Garvin, their general manager-coach, was enraged because his team was waltzing around instead of chewing.

"There's too many guys in this dressing room with all their teeth and too many who aren't lying on the table in the training room getting stitches," he roared. Whereupon he yanked out a denture plate containing 10 teeth and hurled it across the dressing room.

"These are my teeth!" he screamed. "I lost them all playing junior hockey. I don't look bad and I eat well."

continued

Garvin later admitted he held his breath after tossing the plate. "When I saw those teeth flying through the air, I thought to myself, 'Oh my God, what if they hit the floor and break?'"

But the plate was undamaged, and the Goldiggers, figuring their coach's bite was far worse than his bark, went out and scored five goals to win 9-2. Perhaps more gratifying to Terrible Ted was the fact that the Goldiggers got 37 minutes in penalties in the final period compared to two minutes in the first two.

GOOD RIDDANCE

San Francisco's Candlestick Park was the scene last week of an odd sight: the removal of an artificial surface. Candlestick thus became the first stadium housing major league teams in both baseball and football to return to nature—almost. The new surface is called Prescription Athletic Turf and, in essence, is grass growing in pure sand, which enhances drainage. When the AstroTurf was put down in 1970 it was one of the incentives that led the 49ers to move from Kezar Stadium into a refurbished Candlestick. The cost of installing the rug was \$399,145, and it will cost an estimated \$1,019,600 to convert to PAT, but it seems well worth it.

While the baseball Giants didn't seem to mind the AstroTurf, the football 49ers fought hard to get the stuff taken out because too many serious injuries had occurred on it. For instance, Roman Gabriel of the Rams and Monte Johnson of the Raiders suffered well-publicized concussions at Candlestick, and 49er Wide Receiver Willie McGee had a double leg-break in 1976.

It would be a blessing if more stadiums followed suit. Dr. Robert Kerlan, the renowned orthopedic surgeon who has specialized in treating athletes, was recently asked about artificial turf. "I've grown to hate it," he said. "I don't see how any doctor can like it. Basically, it's an abrasive, hard surface and, in its present state, it's a nightmare for both the athlete and doctor."

THE WAY THE COACH BOUNCES

In the last year 15 NFL coaches were fired, eight baseball managers bit the dust, and NBA teams slam-dunked seven coaches. But a record for speed in firing in a new league was set last week by the Women's Professional Basketball League.

George Nicodemus lasted just two ex-

hibition games with the Iowa Cornets, oddly enough both of them victories. In preseason play the Cornets defeated the Chicago Hustle 114-105 and 101-100, but last week Iowa management claimed Nicodemus was lazy and not working the "girls" hard enough. General Manager Rod Lein took over and Nicodemus was unemployed—for all of 48 hours.

Because in Milwaukee events were occurring at an equally startling pace. In the WPBL's first game, Chicago beat the Milwaukee Does 92-87. The Does were coached by Candace Klinzing, who was chosen the "Outstanding Young Woman of America" in 1978 for her ability to coach and direct athletes. The Does' program urged, "Give 'em hell, Coach. We're with you all the way."

Well, it turned out that all the way meant one regular-season game and a new league record, because Klinzing was axed following the Does' loss to Chicago. Her successor? Former record-holder George Nicodemus.

THE RACE TO EXTINCTION

It has been a long while since any sport has been engulfed by the turmoil currently swirling about thoroughbred racing. In Mount Holly, N.J. last week, five jockeys and two trainers were found guilty of fixing, conspiring, or attempting to fix 16 races at Garden State Park in 1974 and 1975.

The prosecution had built much of its case around the testimony of Tony Culla, a U.S. government witness and a convicted race fixer who has admitted (SI, Nov. 6) to fixing hundreds of races around the country, mostly from 1970 through 1975, when he was arrested.

Early next year Culla will resume testifying in several other cases, and indictments are expected shortly in Boston, where the FBI has been working for two years to put its massive case together. Culla also is cooperating with federal authorities in Pennsylvania about rigging races at Keystone Race Track in suburban Philadelphia and about a scheme involving the hidden ownership of horses.

Culla's testimony, in part, already has led to indictments of eight persons in Detroit, including jockeys Billy Phelps and Larry Kuntzke, and the prospect is for a trial date in the spring.

The U.S. Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force for the Eastern District of New York (Brooklyn) also has been investigating Culla's allegations

that such top riders as Angel Cordero Jr., Jorge Velasquez, Jacinto Vasquez, Mike Venezia and retired jockeys Braulio Baeza and Eddie Belmonte took bribes to rig triples and exactas between 1973 and 1975. The New York investigation is expected to get into high gear in January, after Culla fulfills commitments in Boston and Pennsylvania. Several other states, including Illinois, Florida, Maryland and Delaware, also are seeking Culla's testimony. But rigged races aren't the only problem. The FBI and the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau are investigating alleged ringer cases in Illinois, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

Although the "toxic" forms of multiple wagering are involved in virtually every racing scandal these days, the New York State Racing Association last week instituted a change that strains credulity. Despite the fact that the tracks under the NYRA's aegis already offer a daily double, three exactas and a triple, starting in January they will add three quinella betting races and a second daily double!

PAYOFF

On Dec. 2 the Seattle Pacific University Falcons beat Alabama A&M 1-0 to win the national Group II soccer championship, which was a mixed blessing for 43-year-old Cliff McCrath, the Falcons' coach. It seems McCrath had promised the student body that if his team won the national championship he would: 1) buy Pepsi-Colas for all 2,400 students; 2) crawl on his hands and knees from the campus to the Seattle Space Needle 2.7 miles away, and 3) shave his mustache, which he had carefully cultivated the past 10 years.

McCrath paid off Pepsi donated the sodas, saving him more than \$500; he crawled to the Space Needle in three hours and 10 minutes; and he shaved off the mustache upon arrival. If the Falcons repeat as champions next year, McCrath maintains he will "grow my eyebrows and comb them over my head to cover my bald spot."

Go-o-o-o, Falcons!

THEY SAID IT

• Bruce Jenner, decathlon champion and now a TV announcer, on the difference between him and Joe Namath: "I spent 12 years training for a career that was over in a week. Joe spent a week training for a career that lasted 12 years." **END**

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Campbell led the league in rushing and powered Houston into the playoffs.



L.A. paid George Allen \$200,000 to sit in his den, not stand on the field.



Wesley Walker fueled the Jets by averaging 24.4 yards per catch.



Baltimore went lapet as injuries kept Bert Jones out of 13 games.

The officials seemed to create the confusion, not settle it.





SOMETHING LESS THAN SUPER

If you caught yourself yawning during the 1978 NFL season, perhaps it was because there were too many games, too many flags, too few good teams and only one real star—rookie Running Back Earl Campbell of the Oilers **by DAN JENKINS**

The 1978 NFL season should have been called for holding. It was the longest, strangest, and almost certainly the least exciting pro football season ever played. And when it finally came to an end Monday night, a lot of bewildered fans were still fuming against favorites who fizzled and flag-crazy officials. For 16 agonizing weeks the game's ever-faithful followers had been frustrated by favored teams that spent more time "padding" themselves than playing, and by officials who seemed bound to be arrested for littering. At the end, it appeared that the main thing that happened this season was that every team got into the playoffs except the Duluth Eskimos.

If this was what the NFL intended to create with its two extra weeks of games in 1978, or with its new schedule parity, or with its "clarified" holding rule, then Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the NFL owners can sit back and congratulate each other, for they certainly succeeded. Meanwhile, millions of people are wondering whatever happened to individual heroes—where are the new O.J.s, the new Namaths, the new Csonkias and Tar-kentonos and Bulkuszes?—and those high-scoring star-studded teams that produced excitement with their quality performances each and every week.

Why it seems like only yesterday that 10 teams would bounce around for a few Sundays, and then Sammy Baugh of the

Redskins and Sid Luckman of the Bears—the best players and the best teams—would go out and throw balls at each other in the steel, and there would be a champion. Even if this was more or less predictable, it was never dull. Now there are 10 teams in the playoffs. And it was only yesterday that teams were forced to improve themselves with guile, energy, intellect and sometimes money. Now, the worst organizations get the weakest schedules, because this season the NFL introduced parity—or "creeping socialism," as Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm calls it. The way it is now, the mediocre teams rarely have to play the good teams, except by necessity in their own divisions. And remember when blocking linemen had to practically grab onto their own jerseys to keep from being called for holding an opponent? Well, now they are permitted to extend their arms and open their hands—and this was supposed to eliminate holding?

To be slightly outrageous for a second, this season can best be summed up by citing two facts: 1) the Oakland Raiders did not make the playoffs; and 2) the Atlanta Falcons and Philadelphia Eagles did. Also, the outstanding player of the year was a rookie, Houston's Earl Campbell, who obviously didn't know any better than to try as hard as he could every week.

As one Sunday and Monday led to another

continued

other—and sometimes to a Thursday or a Saturday, consult your local listings—there was rarely anything to count on or anyone to trust. Not for very long, anyhow. One reason was that, for the most part, the best teams saved their worst performances for national TV.

Take Dallas, for example. Please! The Super Bowl champions lost four times with big Nickens. In fact, the vaunted Cowboys might not have won even one important game before a nationwide audience had it not been for the ineptitude of New England Placekicker David Pease, plus a couple of zebras who helped the Cowboys preserve their 17-10 victory. That Tony Dorsett gained 1,325 yards was undoubtedly a shock statistic to most followers of the sport. How could Dorsett have gained 1,325 yards when he quite obviously spent most of his time fumbling, oversleeping or arguing with Tom Landry?

Slowly, the Pittsburgh Steelers began to look like a dependable team, as Terry Bradshaw, Lynn Swann and Jack Lambert returned to their 1975 and 1976 Super Bowl form. But just when this happened, when the Steelers were 7-0 and unbeatable, they lost twice in prime time—first to Houston and then to Los Angeles. The Pittsburgh-L.A. game, which the Rams won 10-7, was particularly disturbing. It was billed as a possible Super Bowl preview, but if it was, then no one will want to be found dead in the vicinity of Miami on Jan. 21. Fifteen penalties were called in the fourth quarter, which took an hour and eight minutes to complete. "Watching you guys is like going to the dentist," a guy told L.A. General Manager Don Klosterman.

Only the schizophrenic could have enjoyed the Rams' conquest of the NFC West. While benched Linebacker Isiah Robertson lectured his coach about his ability—Isiah was subsequently suspended—the Rams beat Dallas, Pittsburgh, Houston and Minnesota but lost to Cincinnati, Cleveland, New Orleans and Atlanta. After being 7-0, the Rams came very close to losing eight in a row.

In terms of images that the tube provided for the masses, only two of the playoff teams survived the regular season without humiliation or embarrassment. They were Houston, which took both of its Monday night games, and the Miami Dolphins, who won five times on national TV and lost with verve and integrity at Houston. That was the 35-30 game in

which Earl Campbell ran for 199 yards. By any measurement, it was the best game of the season, and it made up for quite a bit. Such as:

- Coach John McVay of the New York Giants standing idly by and allowing Quarterback Joe Pisarcik to fumble away a sure victory over Philadelphia when there was only enough time left in the game to reach in your pocket for the car keys. The Giants, who have had only two winning seasons in 15, reacted to this in their usual inept way by naming McVay's offensive coordinator, Bob Gibson.

- Oakland's Ken Stabler, deciding not to throw an interception, for a change, kept the ball on the ground for the intentional triple-fumble touchdown that beat San Diego.

- Denver and Atlanta winning games on last-play field goals when the kickers got another chance after they had missed their first ones.

- Assorted NFL cheerleaders posing in the nude, rolling underover cops and causing almost as much embarrassment to some owners as the NFC Central.

- Carroll Rosenbloom becoming the only man ever to make a sympathetic figure out of George Allen by firing his new coach after two exhibition games.

- Such stars as O. J. Simpson, Bert Jones, Bob Griese, Chuck Foreman and Ken Anderson missing parts of the season because of injuries. Not to mention approximately 200 other players who were lost for the season.

- Chicago's Walter Payton going the most secretive 1,395 yards in history, because the Bears experimented with a no-quarterback offense under new Coach Neill Armstrong, who viewed Payton more as a decoy than a runner.

- Cleveland Cornerback Ron Bolton, following a near-riot in Municipal Stadium after the Browns had lost their second straight game as the result of a controversial call in the waning moments, saying of the officials, "They're the only guys who can rob you and then get a police escort out of the stadium."

- Last year's NFL scoring leader, Errol Mann of the Raiders, missing extra points in five different games and more field goals than Al Davis could count.

- David Sims of Seattle leading the NFL in touchdowns, Jim Zorn of Seattle becoming the best left-handed quarterback since, well, Ken Stabler, and Steve Largent of Seattle becoming the new Raymond Berry by catching an AFC-

wide 71 passes for 1,168 yards—while all the big names were on vacation.

- New England blowing its opening game to Washington at home, purely because an unidentified Patriot left a playsheet in the Redskins' dressing room.

- The Atlanta Falcons finding a placekicker (Tim Mazzetti) in a bar.

- Detroit Coach Monte Clark discovering Quarterback Gary Danielson just in time to win six of the last nine games and barely missing the playoffs.

- Washington beating Dallas 9-5 in a touchdownless game on Monday night to raise its record to 5-0, and beating Detroit to go 6-0, but then losing eight of its next 10 games—prompting the supporters of \$250,000-per-year bench warmer Quarterback Billy Kilmer to suggest that the Redskins wouldn't have collapsed had Kilmer been playing instead of Joe Theismann, which is what would have happened if George Allen had still been eating ice cream in D.C. What they overlook is that if George Allen had been in D.C., the Redskins probably wouldn't have won the first six.

- The 49ers' Freddie Solomon dropping four passes for a total of at least 130 yards in a single game, proving that if he were the sky, he could probably drop the Goodyear blimp.

Sorry, but that one demands a pause. Because Solomon's dreadful day was the same one on which Miami's Delfino Williams crashed through the 1,000-yard barrier, it particularly delighted sports-writers. It was nothing personal as far as Solomon was concerned. It was just that San Francisco General Manager Joe Thomas had traded Williams for Solomon before the season, and Thomas reportedly had accosted a sportswriter in a disco. Despite all of his years of experience, Thomas had evidently forgotten that you can't win with sportswriters. They stick together, and they always have the last word.

Well, if all of that did not make it a rather peculiar season, consider what NFL purity wrought.

It wrought New Orleans, Seattle and Tampa Bay winning more games than ever before, which was very exciting, of course, if you happened to live in New Orleans, Seattle or Tampa Bay.

It wrought 17 teams completing their seasons with records of at least .500, a giant step toward the day when all 28 clubs will finish at 8-8—and the NFL will have its parity, if not quality.

It wrought a wonderful moment late in the season when, with only three games remaining, there were still 20 teams with a mathematical chance of getting to the Super Bowl.

It wrought the marvelous total of 17 teams that improved their win-loss percentage from the previous season—parity scheduling, of course. One was the New York Jets, who came up with the new lightning-strike passing combo of Matt Robinson to Wesley Walker.

It wrought Minnesota's playoff berth with an 8-7-1 record, because 1) neither Minnesota nor Green Bay could score in 15 minutes of overtime on Nov. 26, and 2) the Vikings lost to Oakland last Sunday while the Packers lost to Los Angeles.

Parity, it would seem, could he dealt with if it were not combined with the game's other modern evils. Length of the season, for one. Football players who can demand more money than beach-front property, for two. More and more injuries, of course. And an overcomplicated rule book that makes for far too many hasty judgments by the officials.

It appears that when the NFL has fashioned in the name of progress is a sport with a runaway infection. It is a game in which athletes, who are wealthier now than ever, have even more weeks to guard against injury while playing a greater number of uninspiring opponents—all of it in front of a more confused gang of officials.

Terrific. Maybe the NFL will get really lucky some year and have the San Francisco 49ers (6-6-4) playing the Kansas City Chiefs (5-5-6) in a Super Bowl decided at the end of regulation play by a combined double-chuck, taunt and holding call.

They could even play that game in Canton.



Deke Williams raced from Frisco to Miami.



Steve Largent's catches made Seattle a winner.



Joe Thomas lectured the wisdom of Solomon.



Irish Robertson had a few words to say in his behalf.



Stabler and Oakland were down and out.

END

GUY AND ALL HIS GUYS

SKATE IN ANOTHER WORLD

Having conquered the NHL, Montreal and Guy Lafleur are chasing a tougher foe: perfection by E. M. SWIFT

A longtime friend of Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman sits in the stands one morning last week watching the Canadiens practice for their game that night with the Minnesota North Stars. A native of Montreal, he was on holiday, traveling with the team to St. Louis, Bloomington and, finally, Los Angeles. He is in the clothing business, but he has lived in a hockey culture for 54 years. He understands the game. He is an aficionado, more or less typical of the thousands like him back in Quebec. He understands it is not so much the killing of the bull, but how you kill it, and how the bull fights before he dies. Within this ring, before such men, the Montreal Canadiens perform night after night, year after year.

The practice is optional. The Canadiens had beaten the St. Louis Blues 6-0 the night before, extending their record to 19-6-4, exactly what it was after 29 games a year ago, when they finished 59-10-11 and won their third consecutive Stanley Cup. At center ice, Rejean Houle is doing wind sprints. At the near end, Claude Ruel, Montreal's director of player development and assistant coach, is passing the puck with four of the players—crisp passes, faster and faster. Ruel, who himself coached the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup in 1969, is a short, heavy man of 40 who looks like a bull terrier that has been thrown into one pit too many. "Now shoot!" he bellows. Doug Risebrough receives the pass and shoots. "Head up, Dougie. You must look."

The Montreal native leans forward in his seat, thinking of the previous night's game. "St. Louis—they pass it like women," he says. "You must pass it quick, hard, on the stick. These are fundamentals." To an aficionado, hockey is, in the end, a simple game. "Perfection—Les Canadiens are far from it," he says. "But they are far, far ahead of anyone else."

Perfection. This is the key to the Mon-

tre Canadiens. Not talent or numbers or those other tangles that people cite when they raise their silly cry to break up the Canadiens. The Canadiens do not play against a team; they play against perfection. In this way they can never win, so they never tire of winning.

As well they otherwise might. Last season at this time, the Canadiens began an unbeaten streak that ended 10 weeks and 28 games later, the longest such streak in hockey history. Then, in March, they put together the season's longest winning streak—nine games. This year they have stopped the Flames' 10-game winning streak and the Islanders' 15-game unbeaten streak, and they are currently on a 10-game unbeaten streak of their own. Including the playoffs, over the last 12

months the Montreal Canadiens have been beaten just 12 times in 96 games. In the 1975-76 season they played 93 games and lost only 12. In 1976-77 they played 94 games and had 10 losses.

Clearly, the competition has improved each year, but Montreal has kept pace. This is what separates the Canadiens from other great teams of recent years—the undefeated Miami Dolphins of 1972, the 1975 Cincinnati Reds. Les Canadiens have reached the peak of their profession and have stayed there, struggling for something higher.

"It irritates us to be called head and shoulders above everyone else, the class of the league, this sort of thing," says Goaltender Ken Dryden. "I don't think anything is that cut and dried. A gap like



On a team of role players, Lafleur's role is to score goals—and so he does, in almost every game

that can be narrowed so quickly. Yes, it starts with talent, but a lot of other things spring out of that. For one thing, our spectacular players have been remarkably consistent. Guy Lafleur has very few mediocre games."

The Canadiens are not only expected to win the Stanley Cup, but they are also expected to win each individual game—by the fans, the press, by the players themselves. Broadcaster Dick Irvin, the namesake son of the winningest NHL coach in history, declares, "If we tie—never mind lose to—a team like St. Louis on the road, I guarantee that I'll have a dozen phone calls from people asking what happened. They don't believe it if you tell them the other team played well. Nobody's willing to give the other guys any credit. It's always, 'What happened to the Canadiens?'"

Afficionados will not accept a flawed kill. In a game played earlier this year against Pittsburgh, the Canadiens led 6-0 before the Penguins came back to make the score 8-4. Still, the cry arose: What happened to the Canadiens?

To be sure, player depth has enabled

the Canadiens to cope with everything this season from the retirement of legendary General Manager Sam Pollock, to a change in ownership, to Defense-man Bill Nyrop's decision to hang up his skates prematurely at the age of 26. Gilles Lupien, a 6'6" giant, has taken Nyrop's place and surprised everyone with his skating. Captain Yvan Cournoyer has rejured his back and, as a result, likely has played his last game, but he is missed only in spirit. Jacques Lemaire, the first-line center, penalty killer, and point man on the power play, is out with a dislocated shoulder, but this just means more ice time for budding third-year star Pierre Mondou. The Canadiens are undefeated since Lemaire was injured on Dec. 3, and they were undefeated for 23 straight games last year when All-Star Defense-man Guy Lapointe was out of the lineup with an eye injury. As Ruel says, "The pride of the Canadiens is hard work."

"When you say 'a team,' that is what Montreal is, a team," says Pierre Larouche. The 23-year-old Larouche, the only skater on the Montreal roster to play for another NHL team, is one of Bowman's "specialty players"—once a 53-goal scorer with the Pittsburgh Penguins but now a spare with the Canadiens. After the nucleus of stars—Lafleur, Dryden, Lemaire, Bob Gainey and defense-men Lapointe, Serge Savard and Larry Robinson—Bowman has put together a team of specialists. "We have a lot of players who are not excess-talent players," says Bowman. "But they work hard, and they are skilled at specialty situations. One of our strong points is that we can have a great goal scorer like Steve Shutt, and afford not to play him in certain situations. Conversely, I'm not going to play a Doug Jarvis that much when we're behind a couple of goals." Unless Bowman needs to win a face-off—Jarvis' specialty.

"As far as I'm concerned," says Dryden, "there is only one legitimate superstar on this team, and that's Lafleur. And even Lafleur needs the team. The rest of us are very good, yes, but the team is superior."

The team. Yes, this is a team. The Canadiens respect that. They see it as bigger than themselves. So a 53-goal scorer like Larouche sits on the bench and waits his chance, and the team is not decimated by a mass declaration of free-agency.

"On other teams, statistics are the big thing," says Dryden, whose own statistics—never mentioned—show him having the lowest lifetime goals-against average of any goaltender in the last 30 years. "The only statistic that means anything here is wins and losses. If your statistics are great and we lose, you're still characterized as part of the problem."

The statistic Bowman is most proud of is that the Canadiens are perennially the least penalized team in hockey. Last year, for example, the team had 23 major penalties. Toronto's Tiger Williams had 35. With a lineup that includes giants like Lupien, Robinson, Rick Chartraw and Yvon Lambert, few teams even bother to attempt to intimidate the Canadiens anymore. The result is hockey—the sport, not the war. A skating, free-wheeling game on offense, a hustling body-checking game on defense. Quick crisp passes at both ends, with wingmen circling free. They do not just play to win, they play to be perfect, which is a nice thing to watch. The Montreal Canadiens could no more win a Stanley Cup in the manner of the old Broad Street Bullies than Manolete could have killed a bull with an ax.

Night after night, city after city, the Canadiens bring out the best in those teams that lie in wait for the champs. Even after the Blues absorbed their 6-0 drubbing, St. Louis announcer Dan Kelley lamented, "Why can't the Blues skate like that against the Rockies?" In Minnesota, the North Stars, hockey's worst team a year ago, took a 2-1 lead before succumbing 3-2 in front of their largest home crowd of the season. This bull did not die easily. It was a splendid game for both teams. When Montreal scored the winning goal with 13 minutes remaining, its bench emptied in celebration. Afterward, Doug Risebrough, who sat out the game with a shoulder injury, pointed to the ice packs on the knees of Lupien, Lambert and Mark Napier. "Look at them," he said. "They had to scratch and claw for this win. But tomorrow people will say, 'Who did they beat?' The North Stars."

In trying to define the success of the Canadiens, Larouche says, "The other players on this team make you so hungry to wear the Canadiens' sweater, that once you do, you remember what it was like, and you don't ever want to take it off again."

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRICK



ONE BOWL FOR NO. 1: THE REST FOR FUN

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno has always advocated a playoff to determine the national championship, and this year he got it: his No. 1-ranked Nittany Lions will meet up with Bear Bryant's No. 2-ranked Alabama squad in the Sugar Bowl

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Bear Bryant has been traveling a lot since Alabama's football season ended. He has been recruiting—successfully, one assumes—and he has been accepting with grace, and pleasure, the acclaim that accrues to a living legend (a double standing ovation at the Heisman Trophy banquet, for example). Also, being on the road gives him the opportunity to cudge a favor now and again. Bryant says the luller is coming in handy because, in order to satisfy his friends' Sugar Bowl demands, he has been scrounging tickets from New York to New Orleans. He says he might yet take care of everybody, but not to call him, he'll call you.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFAKER



As this is being written, Alabama has enough money in the till from eager applicants to fill its Sugar Bowl allotment (10,000 seats) eight times over. This is because Alabama fans smell a national championship. Alabama fans know the aroma well. Bryant having spoiled them with four titles in the last 17 years, most recently in 1973. They figure once Bear throws his checked living-legend model hat (\$18 retail, Gayfer's and other fine stores) into the ring, it's kismet.

The oddsmakers may have gotten a whiff, too, because although Penn State—which doesn't have spoiled fans, never having won a national championship—is unbeaten and ranked No. 1, it's only a one-point favorite. Indeed, such strange bedfellows as Jimmy the Greek and Auburn Coach Doug Barfield like the Crimson Tide. After being whopped 34-16 in the season finale by Alabama, Barfield was moved to say, "I personally don't think Penn State will be a problem for Alabama."

Well, if you're an Alabama fan and you don't think Penn State will be a problem, it's a good thing you dropped in on this story. Not even Bryant believes that. Bryant, in fact, doesn't know what to believe. The Alabama team he thought "could be great" before the season started has, indeed, been very good at times, and at times it has been off the rails throwing sparks. Bryant came down off his tower at practice the week of the Auburn game to do some old-fashioned Bear hugging and to get a better look. He still wasn't sure what he saw. After the game, an Alabama knockout in the second half, he asked the milling press, "You tell me how good we are."

Well, Bear, since you asked...

The Crimson Tide is now mostly over its rash of early injuries and has come again to be a bona fide load, worthy of partaking in the championship business. It is a typical Bryant team in that no other team plays the total game—all facets, phases, gambits and deceptions—as well. Except, maybe, Penn State. And maybe Southern California.

A tag-team match in New Orleans between these three teams is out, of course, and if that's too bad, it's not entirely un-

fair. After an early victory over Alabama, USC lost its edge with the electorate in both the AP and UPI polls by losing to Arizona State and by having spells of ordinariness in the stretch. While Alabama and Penn State got better, USC got third-ranked, and thus is left to cry its way to the Rose Bowl bank and to hope for a Sugar Bowl tie.

By any measure, and whatever its implications, Penn State-Alabama is an exquisite pairing. Two teams that run and pass; that play stout, intimidating defense; that have sound kicking games; and that hardly ever fall in the cake once the party starts. And there's an added attraction: next to Bryant (and perhaps Woody Hayes), no football coach in the country gets as much attention as Joe Paterno.

At a Penn State coaches' meeting the other day, Paterno was asked by an assistant how he figured to play Alabama. "To tell you the truth, I have no idea," said Joe, peering intently through his trademark black-rimmed glasses. What he meant, he said, was that Alabama is "unquestionably" the toughest assignment Penn State could have drawn. Other possible opponents (Oklahoma, Nebraska, et al.) lack Alabama's offensive balance; in Paterno's words, they "couldn't have jammed the ball down our throats and don't pass well enough to hurt us." Still others (Houston, Notre Dame, et al.) "don't play defense as well." In short, he hadn't found an obvious place for a toehold against Alabama.

What usually results when such well-rounded teams play, teams that are especially strong defensively, is that the collision jars fans to the upper deck, and the score winds up 0-0. Or so low and so close that the first crucial fumble, or the last crucial penalty, is decisive.

This is not to say that won't happen in New Orleans. But Penn State and Alabama have certain strengths and weaknesses that might lead to a few points, and will surely have a bearing on the game. They are offered here, conveniently listed, but with no guarantees:

PENN STATE ADVANTAGES:

- Chuck Fusina. There are few if any better long passers in college football than the Penn State quarterback, and Ala-

bama's deep secondary is smallish, slowish and still somewhat tender from injuries. When the passer is good enough and the line strong enough to protect him, Alabama can be vulnerable deep. Possible effect: well, as a practical example, Washington burned the Tide with touchdown passes of 74 and 58 yards.

- The No. 1 defense in the country against the rush (54.5 yards a game), led by Tackles Matt Milten and Bruce Clark and a cadre of swarming ends and linebackers. They seldom get moved very far. The inexperienced Nittany Lion secondary, which was a question mark at season's start, took advantage of this impenetrability by gambling with its coverages and wound up with 28 interceptions. Possible effect: a thrilling afternoon for Alabama's quarterbacks and some turnovers.

- The Alabama wishbone gets more yardage rushing (eighth in the nation) but, because of the hushness of the triple option, is a higher-risk offense than the Penn State I. Penn State turned the ball over on fumbles and pass interceptions only 20 times all year. Alabama, though the best-drilled wishbone team in the country, gave it up 30 times. Possible effect: obvious.

- A superior kicking game is something both Paterno and Bryant covet equally but which Paterno just happens to have this time. Matt Baehr set four NCAA field-goal records, converting on 22 of 27 chances. Including PATs, Baehr scored 97 points this season, which is exactly as many as Penn State's opponents were able to score on the Nittany Lions. Possible effect: obvious.

- The lingering prejudice against Eastern football (the "Big deal, so who did they beat?" syndrome). Possible effect: psychologically damaging once Alabama gets a snootful of Milten, Clark, etc.

ALABAMA ADVANTAGES:

- It's the best team Penn State has played, period. No one else is even close. And it's the first good wishbone team State has played since—them—losing to Alabama in the 1975 Sugar Bowl. Possible effect: also psychological, translating into some early, and perhaps critical, Penn State errors.

- Bryant's version of the wishbone is superior to any other in passing effectiveness. With the possible exception of Mike Ford of SMU, who riddled Penn State for 289 yards, the Nittany Lions haven't faced a passer to compare with Jeff Rutledge, who broke Joe Namath's record for career touchdown passes. Off wishbone play-action (as opposed to drop-back) passing, Rutledge gives a skillful "run look" that freezes linebackers and makes a gambling secondary that much more exploitable. Possible effect: confusion in the Penn State secondary; some big plays.
- More good running backs, attacking from a bewildering number of shifts and sets (including the I). Alabama's halfbacks, Tony Nathan and Major Ogilvie,

are at least the equal of State's Mike Guman and Booker Moore, and Alabama's fullbacks are big and tough and, as a game wears on, there always seems to be an endless supply of replacements. Possible effect: attrition.

- The best defensive front Penn State has faced, led by Tackle Marty Lyons and Linebacker Barry Krauss. By shutting down what has been an erratic Penn State running game, it can do a little cheating with secondary support against the pass. Possible effect: the neutralization of Fusina.

Two other facts would seem to weigh in Alabama's favor. Toward the end of the season, the Tide fumbled less and drew fewer penalties. Bryant sees that as a sign of maturity. The best way to beat

a good wishbone team is to allow it to beat itself. Alabama no longer seems so inclined.

Furthermore, toward the end of its season, Penn State was once again playing conservatively on offense and relying too heavily on its defense, a tendency Paterno thinks it is necessary to correct before New Year's Day and the Battle of New Orleans. A conservative offense won't make a nickel on Alabama. And as awesome as the Penn State defense is, it cannot be made to stay on the field all day.

But if you're looking for us to say this all adds up to an Alabama victory, uh uh. Not on your life. If Bear Bryant doesn't know what to believe, what do you expect from us?

HOLIDAY BOWL

Dec. 22

Brigham Young (8-3) vs. Navy (8-3)



Brigham Young's LaVell Edwards has already seen his team in action 12 times this year, including a game against the University of Nevada-Las Vegas that, naturally enough, was played in Yuletide. The Cougars have again won the Western Athletic Conference

title with their customary big-play passing offense. They have suffered no major losses because of injuries. So who will Edwards' quarterback be when BYU faces Navy in the

inaugural Holiday Bowl in San Diego? He isn't sure yet. It could be Marc Wilson, a 6' 5" junior, and then again it might be Jim McMahon, a 6' 1" soph.

Each started six times, saved one game for the other, accounted for 10 touchdowns and helped give BYU the ninth-best passing attack in the nation. Moreover, they combined for more than 2,800 yards passing in leading the Cougars to an average of 25.3 points per game.

So, no matter which one Edwards starts, it spells trouble for Navy's superb defense. While the Midshipmen shut out four opponents and ranked seventh in points allowed with an average yield of 10.9 a game, it is worth noting that Florida State, the most pass-oriented offense they faced, scored 38 points on the Midshipmen.

"We're not a great football team," says

Navy Coach George Welsh, "but I think we have good balance, and we play together. It's kind of dull, really. Lots of no-games. There are not many stars, but a lot of good football players."

The Holiday Bowl also marks Navy's first postseason appearance since 1963, when its quarterback in a 28-6 loss to Texas in the Cotton Bowl was Roger Staubach. One Midshipman who figures to give BYU trouble is senior Quarterback Bob Lescynski, who has thrown a school-record 26 touchdown passes during his career.

"I think the game has to be considered even," Edwards says. "What will determine the outcome is our ability to stop their running attack and their ability to stop our passing attack."

With a two-to-one advantage in the passing department, BYU has the edge.

LIBERTY BOWL

Dec. 23

Louisiana State (8-3) vs. Missouri (7-4)

Pity the poor LSU football fans who expected their sonic-boom cheering to spur the Tigers to the SEC championship and Charles Alexander to the Heisman Trophy. Neither goal was realized, and now further disappointment looms in Memphis, where another breed of cat figures to maul them.

The 18th-ranked Tigers of Missouri are making their first bowl appearance since 1973 and are better balanced and less error-prone than the unranked Tigers of LSU, whose inconsistency has earned Coach Charlie McClendon to say, "We've been operating on the yo-yo scale—up and down." Missouri has averaged almost 32 points a game to rank sixth in the nation in scoring; it also is 16th in

total offense. In addition, Warren Powers' 7-4 club has prepped for the Liberty Bowl by knocking off two contenders in other bowls—Nebraska and Notre Dame. Despite its 8-3 record, LSU struggled against the quality teams on its schedule—losing tight games to Georgia and Mississippi State and being walloped 31-10 by Alabama—and barely survived Wake Forest and Wyoming.

However, if anyone can spur LSU to victory, it's Alexander, the finest running back in the school's history, who will close out a spectacular collegiate career in Memphis. Though hampered by injury and an erratic offensive line, Alexander rushed for 1,172 yards



and 14 touchdowns this season. He also caught 28 passes for 263 yards. During his four years at LSU, he accounted for 24 school and nine SEC records and rushed for 4,035 yards and 40 touchdowns. Against Missouri, Alexander is certain to be called on as a receiver if the LSU line can't break him loose wide—and that has been a problem for McClendon's offense all season.

A bigger problem faces the LSU defense headed by Safety Chris Williams, who intercepted eight passes this year. Missouri Quarterback Phil Bradley, a sophomore who led the Big Eight in total offense, completed more than 60% of his throws for 1,780 yards and a dozen touchdowns, while James Wilder and Earl Gant ran for almost 1,700 yards.

"Our defense is going to be tested real good," says McClendon. For LSU fans, it may be an oral exam they are destined to flunk.

SUN BOWL**Dec. 23****Maryland (8-2) vs. Texas (8-3)**

For Texas, the game in El Paso is a warmup for next September. The squad consists of six seniors and well over 50 underclassmen, including half a dozen freshmen who are already starters, most notably linemen Joe Shearn and Terry Tausch, who started all year long. Tight End Lawrence Sampleton, who emerged as a big-play virtuoso, and A. J. Jones, who superseded senior Johnny (Ham) Jones as the leading Longhorn rusher. Junior Mark McBeth is the quarterback, but only because yet another prize frosh, Donnie Little, is out with torn ligaments in his left thumb. "I'm not exactly looking past this game," says A. J., "but I am anxious for next season to get here."

For Maryland it's here and now, a last shot

at gaining any satisfaction from an in-and-out season. In September the Terps figured to go nowhere, but after eight games they were unbeaten, ranked No. 5 and talking—well, dreaming—of bringing home a national championship to College Park. Then, suddenly, they lost 27-3 to Penn State and 28-24 to Clemson, dashing hopes of the Atlantic Coast Conference title, to say nothing of the national crown.

Both teams have defenses that yield points grudgingly—Texas 12.4 a game, Maryland 11.4. Maryland is stronger up front with Charlie Johnson, Bruce Palmer, whose 13 sacks topped the Terp season record held by Randy White, and Linebacker Neal O'Rourke, who leads the team in tackles with 138. But Dwight Jefferson, Steve McMichael and Bill Ackler of Texas combined for 362 tackles and played lead roles in limiting opponents to an S.W.C.-low 2.3 yards per carry. And Longhorn

Safety Johnnie Johnson is deservedly an All-American.

Thus, both offenses figure to be in for a frustrating afternoon. The Terps will call often on Tailback Steve Atkins, a 1.261-yard rusher who should do well, now that Mickey Dudish, the often-injured blocking fullback, is back in the lineup. Texas has a track team for a backfield and is more apt to break long ones, especially Flanker Johnny (Lam) Jones, the Olympic sprinter who netted 8.5 yards a carry and almost 18 yards a catch.

The Longhorns are favored by a touch-down and, unless they get overanxious for next season to arrive, the spread seems to be about right.

**TANGERINE BOWL****Dec. 23****No. Carolina St. (8-3) vs. Pittsburgh (8-3)**

Pittsburgh and North Carolina State have much in common: 8-3 records, option offenses, inexperienced quarterbacks, meager passing and the potential for playing each other to a standoff in Orlando, Fla. in a game that each team approaches as a special challenge.

"We're playing for pride," says Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill. "We've won three straight bowls, Sun, Sugar, Gator, and we'd like to make it four."

The Wolfpack, a winner in last season's Peach Bowl, would like to make it two in a row, not only for themselves, but also for the benefit of the ACC, which is trying to upgrade its football image.

The key to the game is the matchup be-

tween the aggressive Pitt defense, which has allowed an average of only 113 yards rushing, and the North Carolina State running attack headed by Ted Brown, an All-American who ranks fourth among alltime NCAA rushers.

Playing more than half the season with his injured knees, ankles and right shoulder swathed in 40 yards of tape, Brown nevertheless gained 1,350 yards, thereby increasing his career total to 4,602 yards. Now rested, the 5'10", 199-pound senior should put on a spectacular display for the pros.

To do so, he will have to run away from the likes of Hugh Green, an All-American

sophomore defensive end, and Safety Jeff Delaney, who are the backbone of the Pitt defense, which ranked ninth nationally against rushing.

A young team starting only five seniors, Pitt relies heavily on Quarterback Rick Trocan, a sophomore who was the Panthers' busiest ballcarrier (167 tries for 275 yards). Gordon Jones, an All-American split end who caught 45 passes, is a deep threat and also

a dazzling kick returner.

Dick Crum of North Carolina lost to both Pitt (20-16) and North Carolina State (34-7), and he calls the game even but says that "Ted Brown is in a class by himself. He's a truly great runner, and he'll be the best on the field." He's also likely to finish his college career a winner.

**Fiesta Bowl****Dec. 23****Arkansas (8-2) vs. UCLA (8-3)**

When Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz could finally afford to take his wife on a honeymoon several years after they were married, he says, it consisted of a special \$99 cruise to the Bahamas. Did you have a good time, Lou? "Sure, but we would have enjoyed it more if we hadn't had to row." Things never have come easy for Holtz, and this year was no exception. His team made an early run at the national title but was bushwhacked in midseason. Holtz had said pri-

vately before the season that he was dead certain the Hogs would beat Texas, but he greatly feared they would lose the next week to Houston. He was half right; they lost to Houston and Texas.

Sell, the Hogs put things back together, and Arkansas is favored to beat UCLA in the Fiesta Bowl. That's bad, says Holtz, because it's his view that underdogs win 75% of the bowl games. Then he brightens: "This team seems to play better when it's in trouble," he says. And for the second year in a row, trouble in the form of suspensions of Arkansas players between the end of the regular season and a bowl game may deplete Holtz' stock of offensive talent. But the Hogs have an exceptional defensive line and linebackers, and the offensive backfield has depth with the option running of Ron Callagin, a dabble quarterback, and Ben Cowins, who

rushed for 1,006 yards. Where the Hogs can be hurt is in the secondary, but that might not hurt them in this game.

UCLA Coach Terry Donahue is trying to pump up his team, which lost its last two games this year and thus a trip to the Rose Bowl—again. What the Bruins need is a big game from Theotis Brown, who ran well before suffering a series of injuries. Brown is the key, because the Bruins have relatively little passing. But led by Jerry Robinson, a three-time All-American linebacker, UCLA is awe-inspiring on defense.

While gritting his team ready, Holtz quipped, "It's like my grandmother used to say, 'Do the best you can, then the hell with it.'" Arkansas' best should be good enough to keep Holtz from having to row back to Fayetteville. And from Tempe, that wouldn't be too enjoyable, either.



continued

PEACH BOWL

Dec. 25

Georgia Tech (7-4) vs. Purdue (8-2-1)



"I remember the first time I ever got to sit in the big barber chair without the booster," Georgia Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers was musing recently. "That was the biggest thrill in my whole life. Still is."

With that kind of outlook, one is left to wonder where Pepper ranks his Christmas Day matchup with Purdue in Atlanta as a pick-'em game, in which neither team figures to be sealed or even unimpaired badly.

The credit for the Yellow Jackets' surprisingly strong showing this season goes to fresh-

man Quarterback Mike Kelley and Running Back Eddie Lee Ivey. Kelley knows how to play a hot hand, whether it's his own passing or Ivey; when the latter got the ball 26 times against Air Force, he responded by rushing for an NCAA single-game record of 356 yards. But Georgia Tech may be psychologically down after a one-point loss to Georgia in its final regular-season game.

Purdue likewise is deflated. In midseason it appeared that the Boilermakers, behind the passing of sophomore Quarterback Mark Hermann, might be Rose Bowl bound. But there followed a 24-24 tie with Wisconsin and a 24-6 loss to Michigan, and the trip to Pasadena was off. What enabled the Boilermakers to come so close to the Big Ten title was that Coach Jim Young found some support for Hermann. In his freshman season, Purdue gained almost twice as much yardage passing as rushing, but Hermann also threw

27 interceptions. This year, running backs John Macon, Mike Augustyniak and Russell Pope—who also led the Boilermakers in receptions with 33—came on strong, and the run/pass ratio was closer to 50-50. And Hermann, who no longer figures he has to throw a bomb on every play, was intercepted only 10 times.

Young has built the formidable Purdue defense, which gave up only 9.9 points a game, around junior Keena Turner. The 215-pound defensive end had 24 tackles for losses and was the team's MVP.

Purdue will have to be alert, though, or Ivey will leave it for dead if an ankle injury doesn't slow him down or even keep him from playing. He set Tech's single-season rushing record of 1,562 yards. But the Yellow Jacket offensive line has been inconsistent and, on defense, Tech is vulnerable to passing. That should light up Hermann's life.

GATOR BOWL

Dec. 26

Clemson (10-1) vs. Ohio State (7-3-1)

On the sidelines, it's experience vs. youth—Ohio State's 65-year-old Woody Hayes matching wits with Clemson's 30-year-old Danny Ford. Hayes has 33 seasons and 238 victories under his belt. Ford has no wins, or even games, under his.

In fact, Ford didn't become a head coach until Dec. 4, when Charley Pell resigned to take the job at Florida after coaching Clemson to a 10-1 season and its first Atlantic Coast Conference title in 11 years. Ford, the offensive line coach and assistant head coach, stepped into Pell's job—and into the Gator Bowl.

On the field, it's also experience vs. youth—Clemson's star senior Quarterback

Steve Fuller against Ohio State's exciting freshman Quarterback Art Schlichter. Fuller has run and passed for 182 yards a game, calls 70% of his plays at the line of scrimmage and was twice named ACC Player of the Year. Give Clemson the edge, especially because Fuller will be throwing to Jerry Butler, who hauled in 54 passes for 864 yards this season. At tailback is Lester Brown, who gained 1,006 yards rushing despite having carried the ball only 19 times in the first three games, he gives Clemson balance.

Most years Ohio State would be heavily favored over an ACC foe, but this season the



Buckeye defense has been uncouthly shelled, even by so-so teams like SMU and Baylor. And the offense lacks its usual steamroller fullback and lights-out line play, as evidenced in losses to Penn State and Michigan, in which Ohio State scored a total of three points in eight quarters. Clemson had one offensive lapse, a 12-0 defeat by Georgia, but the Tigers averaged 35 points against everybody else and scored four touchdowns against Maryland, which is more than anybody else did, including Penn State.

After Pell departed, 73 Clemson players signed a petition endorsing Ford and sent it to the school's board of trustees. "Tiger fans need not be concerned with our Dec. 29 performance," the petition said. "We guarantee it will be one of our better ones."

That should be good enough against the Buckeyes.

BLUEBONNET BOWL

Dec. 31

Georgia (9-1-1) vs. Stanford (7-4)

A pair of NFL playoff games will precede the Bluebonnet Bowl in Houston on New Year's Eve, which is fortunate for the pros. With their work finished, they then can watch what could be the most entertaining game of the day, if not the entire holiday season, one which pits Stanford's pass-oriented offense against Georgia's potent rushing.

Stanford's Steve Dils, the nation's top passer, throws the ball from any place on the field, on any down, to any receiver. In essence, Coach Bill Walsh's Cardinals delight fans by filling four quarters with, virtually, a two-minute offense.

A fifth-year senior who played only one full game a year ago, Dils poses with accu-

racy (63.2% completion) and perhaps the finest touch of any quarterback not yet in the pros. Responding to a pro scout's assessment that the 6'2" Dils was "too small" to be a high draft choice, Walsh, who may be in the NFL himself next season, said, "The pros' evaluation of quarterbacks in the draft has been poor. Dils is quick on his feet, strong, has a quick arm and is extremely accurate."

And he is intelligent. He will be playing in the National Football League.

Dils finished the 11-game season with 247 completions—that is 15 more passes than Georgia opponents attempted this year—for 2,943 yards and 22



TDs. His receivers, led by Ken Margerum with 53, ranked 1-2-3 in the Pac 10.

Darrin Nelson, the Cards' do-everything halfback, may be just as worrisome to the Buckeye defense. A sophomore scooter who caught 50 passes and rushed for 1,061 yards, Nelson gives Stanford much versatility.

Georgia, however, is no less exciting. In Southeastern Conference MVP Willie McClelland, who rushed for 1,312 yards and 13 touchdowns, Coach Vince Dooley has a breakout threat who helped the Bulldogs come from behind in six of their wins.

Whether either team can stop the other for long remains to be seen. Stanford allowed 199 points this year, and Georgia held its opponents to 162. But the Bulldogs have yet to face a passer of Dils' caliber. Stanford is the quicker strike force and should wind up with a happier New Year.

continued

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Detroit	February 19-25
Dallas	February 26-March 4
Philadelphia	March 5-11
Boston	March 12-18
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Championships

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San Antonio	January 2-14
Providence	January 9-21
Boise	January 16-28
Toronto	January 23-February 4
Montreal	January 30-February 11
Columbus, Ohio	February 6-18
Atlanta	February 15-25
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COTTON BOWL

Jan. 1

Houston (9-2) vs. Notre Dame (8-3)

Dallas isn't where Notre Dame or Houston figured to end up. The Irish seemed doomed to a dismal year upon losing their first two games, both at home. Houston was picked by Southwest Conference voters to go nowhere, a prediction that appeared justified when the Cougars dropped their opener to Memphis State. But then Notre Dame won eight straight games to earn an invitation to the Cotton Bowl, while Houston checked Texas A&M, Arkansas and Texas to win the SWC title for the second time in the three years the Cougars have been in the conference.

Both teams run up points. The Irish averaged 23.5 a game, while Houston had 30.0. The Irish have a superior passing attack, and when Joe Montana is rolling, he breaks games

wide open. He hit 54% of his 260 passes and threw only four interceptions in the last nine games. Vagas Ferguson (1,192 yards) and Jerome Henders (728) aren't Billy Sims, but they are two of the best running backs in Notre Dame history.

The defense, featuring All-America Bob Golic at linebacker, figures to do well against Houston's veer, because its strength is up front against the run.

Houston's chief problem has been inconsistency: its win over Texas was followed by a loss to Texas Tech, an 11-point underdog. Before thrashing then-unbeaten A&M 33-0, the Cougars struggled to edge winless Baylor 20-18. They tied Florida State 27-0 but had



to hold on for a 27-21 victory, thanks largely to a last-minute Seminole touchdown being disallowed because of a penalty. And just when Houston seemed to get it together in a closing win over Rice, Coach Bill Yeoman yanked Quarterback Danny Davis and inserted Delrick Brown. Davis demanded to know why. Yeoman told him his running lucked spunk. Davis shot back he was feeding the ball to running backs Emmett King and Randy Love. The two rushed for 1,095 and 1,019 yards, respectively, to become the first SWC teammates to gain 1,000 yards apiece.

Yeoman has reinstated Davis as the quarterback, but this doesn't keep Davis from being upset and slightly confused, which is bad, because his teammates look to him for leadership. As for the Irish, they closed out their season with a last-minute loss to powerful USC. Houston is hungry, but the Irish are more composed.

ROSE BOWL

Jan. 1

Michigan (10-1) vs. USC (11-1)

Take your pick. USC is ranked third in the nation, Michigan fifth. Each has lost just one game. Both parade up and down the field, prefer to do it by rushing and pile up more than 400 yards of offense a game. Both defenses are on the national charts. Both beat Notre Dame, and both look so teams they were favored to beat. Michigan 24-15 to Michigan State, USC 20-7 to Arizona State.

Although both operate out of a multiple I, their attacks vary in



significant ways. Michigan Quarterback Rick Leach carries the ball often, as do five other Wolverine backs, all of whom average well over four yards a carry. USC All-America Charles White has more carries than all the other Trojans put together, and Quarterback Paul McDonald, a 57% passer, runs only when trapped. Leach's versatility gives Michigan the edge here.

But the biggest dissimilarity is on defense. With the likes of Ron Simkins and Curtis Greer up front and Mike Jolly and Mike Harden at the secondary, the Wolverines excel at keeping opponents out of the end zone. They yielded only eight points a game, second fewest in the country. USC, which gave up only four touchdowns on the ground is better than Michigan against the rush but vulnerable to passing, and 16 of Leach's 68 completions went for touchdowns this season.

Although both teams have crashed their opponents, USC outscoring them 301-143, Michigan 362-88, the Wolverines outscored their foes by wide margins in every quarter, demolishing them 99-13 in the fourth. For their part, the Trojans showed a heart-stopping tendency to build wide leads in the first half, then to hang on for hairbreadth victories. "We lack a killer instinct," admits Trojan Coach John Robinson.

If true, it would suit Leach fine. A few weeks ago, Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler said, "Rick Leach has done everything a college player can do." Well, true, in a sense. In four seasons at quarterback he has rewritten the Wolverine record book, and his 81 touchdowns are an all-time NCAA high. But in three straight bowl games, Leach has come up empty. It is a deficiency that might be corrected on New Year's Day.

ORANGE BOWL

Jan. 1

Oklahoma (10-1) vs. Nebraska (9-2)

Nebraska, which this season beat fumbling Oklahoma for the first time since 1971, is infuriated that the Sooners were chosen as the Huskers' Orange Bowl opponent. The complaint is that they beat the Sooners once and shouldn't have to do it again. "A raw deal," grumps Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne. "Not fair to our team," says Athletic Director Bob Devaney. "Make Nebraska 10-point underdogs," quoth the oddsmakers.

There would be no need for all this fawning, except that after Nebraska beat Oklahoma, the Huskers skewered themselves in the final game of the regular season by losing to Missouri. Thus Oklahoma and Nebraska tied for the Big Eight title—and now there is to

be a rematch. Still, it's the best possible game the Orange Bowl could get. These are the nation's top offensive team (Nebraska with 501.4 yards per game) and the top scoring team (Oklahoma with an average of 40 points per game), with second spot in each category going to the other team.

Few dispute that Oklahoma, led by the sensational Heisman Trophy winner, Billy Sims, and his roommate, Offensive Guard Greg Roberts, who won the Outland Trophy, is the best rushing team in the land. There is a story that Thomas Lori, Oklahoma's quarterback, who is from San Antonio, called Sims, who is from Hooks, Texas, when both were being recruited. "I'm going to Oklahoma, and if you come, too, we'll create a monstev," said Lori. They did. Only trouble is that twice in the last two seasons, just when the Sooners were on the verge of national titles, the mon-

ster fumbled away its chances. Last year in the Orange Bowl, heavily favored Oklahoma coughed up the ball three times and tumbled 31-6 to Arkansas, while, in this season's loss to Nebraska, the Sooners fumbled six times.

The Nebraska offense relies on running backs Rick Berns and I. M. Hipp and occasionally on Quarterback Tom Sotley, but Offensive Tackle Kelvin Clark probably is the key player in the unit. Assistant Coach Jerry Moore is philosophical about Nebraska's fate, saying, "How many seasons do you get a chance to beat Oklahoma twice?" Not many, and for that Nebraska can be grateful.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Still Glittering After All These Years

For 20 glorious years, from his first U.S. Amateur win in 1959 to his third British Open victory in July, Jack Nicklaus has dominated the world of golf

by **Frank Deford**

Surely the closest place to Heaven in all of sport is a golf course. The prevailing feeling is one of good will. For the most part, the fans at tournaments are themselves active golfers, and they suffer for the competitors, shouting encouragement to them and calling out travel advisories to the balls they strike. Players and spectators troop the same ground, interacting physically from green to tee, spiritually from tee to green. On the best of afternoons, those soft, bright, blue days when God's own weather lives up to the luxuriant landscape that He and man have wrought, the game even verges on the ethereal. A golfer has to be a different breed of cat.

This is where we come to Jack Nicklaus, the greatest golfer of all time. Of course he has played better than the rest for almost 20 years. Of course he has won more often. Of course he has dominated the game. This is all well documented. What is of greater significance is the mystic oneness that he has had with the game of golf itself during that long span and with the courses on which it is played. Nicklaus would probably reject the word "mystic." But it may have been part of what Bobby Jones understood about Nicklaus many years ago, when he said, in tribute, "Jack Nicklaus plays a game with which I am not familiar."

How many other champions have

become so identified with their sport, with every aspect of it, with the very essence of it, that it is impossible to think of one without the other? Babe Ruth, for sure; Bobby Jones himself; Muhammad Ali. But they are few, very few; in his remarkable career, Nicklaus has achieved that preeminence as much as anyone.

It has long been fashionable to say that Nicklaus wins by overpowering the course. But that misses the point. Jack Nicklaus overpower a golf course? Why, you might as well

say that Mozart overpowered music or that Rembrandt overpowered a canvas. The ultimate art is to make an accomplice of whatever you are dealing with—melodies, forms, fairways. Over the years, scores of golfers have whipped golf courses—overpowered them. Nicklaus has won with golf courses, by driving, putting, attacking, thinking—by playing whatever sort of golf was required of him at that particular moment. The uniqueness of Nicklaus, his definition, is that rarely has he ever fought a golf course, so utterly is he in consonance with his sport, with its substance and spirit.

He has never been what is called a "personality." Palmer is a personality, and Player, too, and Trevino, and a few others. But not Nicklaus; he has never been perceived as anything but a golfer. He has never been the show-



Cover key Nicklaus' major souvenirs from two decades of campaigning include trophies from 1) the British Open, 2) the U.S. Open, 3) the Masters, 4) the U.S. Amateur and 5) the PGA

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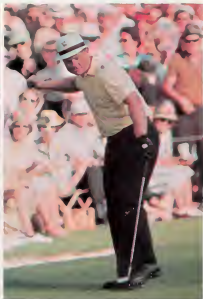
EARLY NICKLAUS: THE OMNIPOTENT BUTTERBALL



Nicklaus exults at Baltusrol in 1967 after winning his second U.S. Open. His score of 275 broke a record held by Hogan for 19 years.

A glum Nicklaus finished tied for 23rd in the 1964 Open at Congressional.

In 1963 Jack won the second of five Masters, with a record 271.



Sportsman continued



He won a playoff to win at Augusta again in 1966, the only player ever to take back-to-back Masters

man. Younger or older, fatter or thinner, despised or admired, his enormous presence has always been the product of the shots he has pulled out of his bag. Yet that is not quite all. In a sport in which longevity is a measure of the performer—as much as speed or strength defines athletes in other sports—Nicklaus has for nearly two decades stood up for the values he considers inherent in the game. He has turned down \$1 million to play a Vegas-style TV “challenge match” because he feared it would demean the game of golf. His conduct has been so impeccable it is almost boring. It must be, you see, because, as he explains, “Golf is as clean a sport as there is.” Just so clean. His attitude in defeat is always as correct and elegant as that which he displays in triumph.

Nicklaus has even come to build golf courses himself, spreading his own ashes while he lives: vanity, yes, but tempered with love and a sense of where he fits in. “My golf game can only go on so long,” he says, “but what I’ve learned can be put into a piece of ground to last beyond me. I’ll always be part of golf because I’ll have the courses. Building a golf course is my total expression.”

The course lasts. Nicklaus knows that. The Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, but St. Andrews isn’t going anywhere. There is something at once proper and touching that after two seasons without a major championship, Nicklaus, age 38, won the British Open last summer at St. Andrews, age 500; the pre-eminent man and the pre-eminent course coming together. It seems apt, then, that this year Jack Nicklaus is *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*’s Sportsman of the Year. He has had better years; nearly all of his years have been so very good. Indeed, they have been 20 years of surpassing excellence. And that is why we are naming him now.

In the last twelvemonth, a lot has happened in sports, and most of it predictable. The Red Sox collapsed. The Yankees beat the Dodgers in the World Series. We had another Triple Crown champion. What Borg did not win, Connors did; on the distaff side it was mostly Evert. And moving further down Déjà Vu Lane: the Canadiens won; the Cowboys, too; Kentucky in college basketball, Notre Dame in college football. But for the fact that pro basketball went on and

continued

on and on until hardly anybody was watching, we could say for certain that the Celtics won that. One of the Users came in first again at Indy. Ali regained his title once more. Bill Rodgers won another Boston Marathon. Swimming: MARKS FALL, Billy Martin got fired again. And so forth and so on.

However, if you missed any of this, Jack Nicklaus can bring you up to date. One of the reasons Nicklaus has himself in such perfect golf perspective is that he's got most of the rest of the world of sports down pat. He can do such things as quote, verbatim, football tips from Bear Bryant. When not practicing on the golf course, he devotes himself to every conceivable athletic activity: tennis, skiing, basketball, hunting, bicycling, fishing (he reeled in a 1,358-pound black marlin off Australia last month as a prelude to winning the Australian Open), weight lifting, touch football. You've heard of the girl next door. Jack Nicklaus is the jock next door. His everyday attire is tennis clothes. His closest friend in North Palm Beach, Fla., where he

lives, is a high school athletic director and coach; he plans his golf tournaments around the football and basketball schedules of Benjamin High, where his two oldest boys are football and basketball stars. Morn is the scorekeeper for the basketball team, partly because that way she doesn't have to sit next to Dad, who has been known to get excited. Wow, is Dad some kind of bore on the subject of Benjamin High's athletic fortunes. He goes to all the practices; he even knows all the damn plays. Says Barbara Nicklaus, "We have to get to the games 45 minutes early so Jack can get taped."

Nicklaus (cradling a pigskin, to son Steve): You ought to run more play-action stuff.

Steve: We don't have any of those.

Nicklaus (sharply): Whaddya mean? You got 36 and 37.

Steve: Oh, yeah.

Jack Nicklaus, the champion, is forever the son of the father, Charlie Nicklaus, who was the same sort of athletic mentor for him when he was growing up in Columbus in the '50s. Sports would

have been Nicklaus' way of life even if he had not become the best in history at this one particular athletic endeavor. Indeed, Jack's estate on the northern shore of Lake Worth, Fla. is a contained sporting paradise, with the air not so much of having been built as wished for, in the manner of a child addressing Santa Claus: "... and I'd like a swimming pool, and two grass tennis courts, and a weight room, and a trampoline, and a basketball court, and a football field, and three boats, and a..."

The house is large but not ostentatious. The climate is controlled. The rooms are attractive, and so perfectly stylized that they appear to be sets for a situation-comedy family, an athletic Brady Bunch. Some rooms possess an almost Pompeian stillness, while others, around the TV and the kitchen, have just the proper amount of lived-in disarray. The TV set appears to be on permanently, so that Lucy Ricardo or Hogan's Heroes are a part of the decor in the same way as, say, the furnishings in the breakfast nook. There are, all told, five children, the middle one a

Mixed Nicklauses in front of clubhouse at Jack's home course, Marshfield Village. Steve, 15; Barbara, Michael, 5; Nat, 13; Jack, Gary, 9; and Jackie, 17.



girl. Plus friends dropping by, and a golden retriever. The school drawings of the youngest kids are taped on the refrigerator door, just as they would be in the house of an insurance salesman in the suburbs of Columbus, Ohio.

The home is ruled over by the former Barbara Bush, who entertains her friends in the kitchen. The Nicklauses met, if you can stand this, their first week at Ohio State. They were instant sweethearts, wedded after their junior year, and, despite the long odds against the survival of a teen-age marriage parlayed by a traveling husband, they remain hopelessly happily married.

People help Nicklaus run his businesses. People advise him. All right. But what is crucial to understanding Nicklaus and his success is that the former Barbara Bush is his only partner. More than that, she is really the only lasting contemporary in his life. His best Columbus friends, his early business associates, were all older. He never formed a close friendship *en tour*. He was devoted to his father as a friend, and he still goes back to his one and only golf coach, Jack Groat, who first instructed him at the age of 10.

But Nicklaus, the champion, at this moment in his life that he describes as "somewhere in the prime of my career," is a growing, fuller man. More and more he has assumed control of his business affairs. He has certified his ascension from the Buckeye middle class by learning about wines. He has developed a sense of humor that can be sharp and biting. He is short with those who fawn over him. And for all his balance, he can be something of a know-it-all. "Jack's one problem is that he is an instant expert on everything," says one friend who, with some delight, can't resist citing an afternoon a year or so ago, when, in quick succession, Nicklaus displayed total ignorance of 1) Ari Buchwald, 2) Karl Wallenda of The Great Wallendas and 3) Cheryl Tiegs. Granted, a knowledge of this disparate trio does not automatically admit the bearer to the League of Renaissance Men, but the episode does suggest that Nicklaus may not be quite as omniscient about pop culture as he is on wire-service gridiron polls. He can take a joke about himself, though, and sometimes he will take a drink. Oddly, while he never smokes on the course or at home anymore, he will go on a chain-

smoking binge at a business meeting or on a fishing trip—and then stop as quickly as he started.

There is, then, a curious blend of the unsophisticated and the mature in Nicklaus; he accounts for it in some measure by invoking his experience in golf. "A kid grows up a lot faster on the golf course; golf teaches you how to behave," he says earnestly. "You start playing with older people, so that a kid who plays golf is different from a lot of these athletes in other sports because he hasn't had his own way. He hasn't been spoiled. He's had to get along with older people, and

carts. Female volunteers are garbed in less formal clothes, are often obliged to wear beauty-pageant-type streamers diagonally across their fronts and are assigned the unrewarding ambulatory and clerical tasks. The wives in golf, more than in any other sport, are recognized by players, press and fans as wives, as worthy support troops.

The most instructive revelation about the Nicklauses and their own strong relationship, and its positive impact upon Jack's career, comes from this exchange, when the name of another golfer was brought up. He is Nicklaus' contempo-

THE NICKLAUS RECORD

He won the U.S. Amateur twice (1959 and '61) and finished second in the U.S. Open (1960) before turning professional. Since then, he has won the Masters five times (1963, '65, '66, '72 and '75); the U.S. Open three times (1962, '67 and '72), the British Open three times (1966, '70 and '78) and the PGA four times

(1963, '71, '73 and '75). Counting the two amateur titles, that is 17 major championships. Jones had 13. No one else is close. Hagen had 11, Hogan and Player nine, Palmer eight. Aside from majors, Nicklaus has won 54 tour events. His winnings are \$3.4 million, a record. No one else has won even \$2 million.

if he won't play by their rules, he can't play at all. Jimmy Christmas, I've gone through it all, and I still have to keep my place."

But if Nicklaus grouches occasionally at all that is expected of him, he obviously finds comfort in the stability and tradition of his sport. A Teutonic sense of order pervades the man. In another time and place, Nicklaus would have been a farmer, attached to his two anchors, the good land he worked and loved, and the good woman with the large family back at the hearth. Now for him the Masters and the U.S. Open, followed by the British Open and the PGA, are like the march of the seasons of the field; and the home is a place to tie him back to, to renew strength and purpose.

The fact that Nicklaus, so in harmony with his sport, is also so devoted to his home, in fact needs time at home in order to win on the road—that is surely not just a coincidence. Golf remains the most unchanging of our games. The old values and the old biases endure. Tournaments are distinguished by their male officials, attired in crisp blazers and provided with the energized scepters of power, in these days walkie-talkies and

tary and once was presumed to be his likely challenger—or Nicklaus his. But the fellow faded quickly into obscurity.

"Well," says Barbara, "he wasn't married when he was on the tour."

"That's right," says Jack, "he just couldn't get organized." So much for that. As they say, golf is as clean a sport as there is.

Barbara has been ideal in the role of golf wife: ever winsome, ever well groomed, never forgetting a face or a blazer or the name that goes with it. On their honeymoon, he played golf; at one stop, the club was all-male and the bride had to stay in the car. When he was fat, she never brought it up. She heard the boos and the invective aimed at her man when large portions of all the world hated him for slaying the legend of Arnold Palmer, but she never brought it up, waiting for him to. And when he never brought it up, she never brought it up, either.

This is why, although Jack Nicklaus begins his 40th year next month, he and a great many people who know him well have no doubts but that he can keep on winning tournaments into his middle age. The legs go first, don't they? That's

continued

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Sportsman continued

what they say. Jack Nicklaus still has all the underpinnings.

Charlie Nicklaus—a druggist, a stout, balding man—joined the Scioco Country Club outside Columbus in order to get exercise to help rehabilitate a broken ankle. He was new to this sort of privilege: his father had been a boilermaker on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is an article of faith that poor American boys will apply themselves diligently to escape poverty. But for a child, deprivation can be a very relative thing. By the standards of the country club, the druggist's son appeared disadvantaged. So, in one sense, young Jack Nicklaus had the best of both worlds—reasonably comfortable circumstances yet a natural motivation to compete. Jack Grout remembers that of his 50 or 40 young charges, only the Nicklaus boy would show up to practice in the rain.

He was 10 then. Nicklaus has led a symmetrical sort of life; he was born at the beginning (January 21) of a neat zero-digit year, 1940, and has proceeded thereafter in deccennial cycles: he learned golf in 1950, age 10, he married in 1960 and first came to prominence that year, finishing second to Palmer in the U.S. Open, though still an amateur; in 1970, his first year of being svelte, his father died, and the shock helped divdodge him from the only slump of his career: certainly there must be some special surprise in store for us in 1980.

Charlie Nicklaus introduced his only son to all sports, and Jackie became proficient at many, notably basketball. He only bothered with golf from March to September. The boy was precocious, reaching his full height, 5'11", by age 13. He still wonders whether he might have been inclined to concentrate on basketball or football "if I hadn't been a year ahead of myself in school, if I could have had one more year and become a big high-school star."

But inherent in the game of golf were qualities that drew the boy to it. Foremost was the simple fact that he could play it by himself, for hours, whole days at a time. "The thing that sets golf apart from other sports is that it takes self-confidence, an ability to rely totally on yourself," he says. Obviously, this faith came to him at an early age. "When I'm through, what I'll really miss is kicking myself to get it done," he says. "I can live without the week of playing the May-

vers. But the really satisfying time is the three weeks leading up to the Masters when I'm preparing for it."

Golf was right for another reason, too, for, despite his being such a natural athlete, Nicklaus is physically limited in one curious way. "I don't react very well," he says. "In tennis, my best shot is the serve, but I respond terribly when I have to hit a ball back. In basketball, I was a really good shot"—not long ago he sank 80 straight free throws on his home court—"but I was poor at passing and at defense." Even today he delights in the most independent—and stationary—aspect of football: he will go out for an hour or more by himself and place-kick—and he can put the ball through the uprights at up to 40 yards. Given all this, there is simply no question but that golf—the game that most requires concentration, introspection, self-assurance, peace—was Nicklaus' destiny.

Also, he could hit the son of a bitch a country mile.

He scored 51 on the first nine holes he ever played; he qualified for the U.S. Open at 17 and birdied the first hole; he won the U.S. Amateur at 19, and at 22, in 1962, he turned pro. There stood Arnold Palmer, and neither man was ever to be the same.

Palmer was not just a beloved hero. That would have been enough. No, Palmer was the very fountainhead of golf. The game had often been maligned as a pastime for rich old men (the more capricious critics refused to acknowledge that it was even a sport), but Palmer, the handsome charger, had given the game glamour, expanded its horizons. He made people proud to be golfers. And so, to beat Palmer was not just to upset the handsome hero, to beat Palmer was to hurt golf. And onto this stage walked a butterball of an athlete. Nicklaus ballooned as high as 225, he would wear a silly little hat and an \$8.95 pair of olive green pants, when, God forbid, he opened his mouth, he spoke in a squeaky cartoon voice.

The hirsuteness about Palmer is very old hat, of course, but it can never be written off. It is still the only rough edge to Nicklaus' life, more than that, it came near to soiling a very clean game. Arnie's fans hooded Nicklaus' good shots, they held up signs in the rough that said HIT IT HARD, JACK, and once someone even hurled a beer bottle at him. It must

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have hurt so much, but to this day he swears he never noticed, never heard a boo. Can you believe that?

Well, he stands at the 11th tee at the Firestone Country Club in Akron last September. He is playing with Hale Irwin. It is a sharp, clear day, and the wind is blowing in gusts. There is a little sign at the tee, hanging from chains on a pole about eight feet high. It states what hole this is and how many yards long. As Nicklaus starts to address the ball, the sign starts to creak on its chains. His caddy looks up menacingly at the sign. Irwin looks up at the sign. Irwin's caddy and the scorekeeper look up at the sign. Everybody in the gallery looks up at the sign. By now you can just about hear the necks creaking, making almost as much noise as the sign. Nicklaus never takes his eye off the ball, gripping his club tighter and tighter as he simultaneously brings the clubhead closer and closer to the ball resting there upon the tee. And then back away, as if he is winding himself up. At the top of his swing... the sign catches an even stronger gust, and in the blue-green silence swings now at a regular screech. People grimace, embarrassed that a sign here in Akron is doing this to the great Jack Nicklaus. The clubbed comes down and around in a perfect arc, and the ball flies away, high and handsome.

You know, he never heard that sign "What sets Jack apart above all," says Deane Beman, the PGA commissioner and a former golfing contemporary. "is concentration. He has complete control over his emotions, in his game and in his life."

Of course he heard the boos from the fanatics. Of course they hurt. But he never heard when he swung—and what the hell, that was only about 70 times a day.

Maybe the worst of all was at Oakmont, near Palmer's home in Pennsylvania, where the 1962 Open was played. It was not a tournament but a four-day ordination—only the fat kid, who had just turned pro, fouled up everybody's week by tying Palmer over 72 holes. And then he beat him in the playoff, 71-74.

The legend died, right there. It hung around, like Marley's ghost, for many more years, but it was all over that day. Palmer won the British Open later that

year, and he won the '64 Masters. He was only 34 then, and he played at the top right through the '60s, but he never won another big one against the fat boy. People talk about the many great years of Nicklaus and Palmer dueling, in fact, that whole era of them both winning championships lasted less than two years.

But make no mistake. If Nicklaus, the golfer, put Palmer away on the course, there is no doubt that the trauma of destroying the legend, of having to overcome the idol of his sport, still inhabits Nicklaus. He will stop and almost obsessively qualify even the most innocent passing reference to Palmer lest it possibly be construed as criticism of his ancient rival. He is at pains to pour out their personal differences.

Nicklaus, the golfer, simply cannot comprehend why Palmer hangs on, scuffling each week to make the cut. When Nicklaus can't win at golf, he'll be gone the next day. But Palmer breathes it all in: the cheers, the camaraderie, drinking with the boys, dealing gin rummy, then flying his real-life toy airplane on to the next week's go-round. "Arnold's different from me," Nicklaus says again. "I don't want to tell Arnold what to do," Nicklaus says again. "I won't miss the locker room," Nicklaus says again.

And no matter how badly Nicklaus beat Palmer, he didn't win affection, esteem, respect, admiration—yes. But affection? It is reminiscent of Willy Leman and his sons talking about their successful cousin Bernard.

Willy: Bernard is not well liked, is he?
 Buff: He's liked, but he's not well liked.

It is impossible not to believe that the animus kept Nicklaus fat. He was not fat growing up. His father was a heavy man and Nicklaus was an insatiable eater, and the genes and the appetite finally caught up with him at college, but a man with his discipline, with his incredible powers of concentration could have slimmered down whenever he set his mind to it. In fact, when he finally did decide to lose weight, he called in a tailor from New York, ordering him to measure for clothes still pounds away. "Can you imagine anyone having such confidence in himself?" asks Barbara Nicklaus.

But Nicklaus stayed fat all during the '60s. He knew his appearance fostered more hostility. "If I had looked more like an athlete it wouldn't have been nearly

so bad for me," he says. He knew. It was as if he were punishing golf for preferring Palmer's glamour to his skills. Only after Palmer's game had declined, after the hysteria was laid to rest, only then did Nicklaus, the gifted lover, feel secure enough to want to be pretty for himself and his game. Today, down to 180 and less, he is even marginally narcissistic. "There is nothing worse than a reformed slob," his wife says.

Nicklaus' better appearance not only increased his popularity, it also forced his critics to appreciate the full range of his golfing talents. Before, there had been a tendency to write him off as a bully. He not only hit the ball so long, but also so high that it soared over the most time-tested of nature's obstacles. Nicklaus forced the redesign of entire championship courses. Only when he matured and lost 20 yards from his drives did the full, fair recognition begin to come to him. For example, Gene Lister points out, "Jack's the best putter we've had over the past 15 years. He rarely misses from six or eight feet in." Suddenly, now that his drives weren't a furlong past everyone else's, people could notice his exquisite work with irons, his command of strategy, his control of a challenge. And if his short game wasn't as good as the rest of it—although as he points out, he never got a chance to work on his short game because he was always, tediously, on the green—it was suddenly impossible to ignore his complete superiority.

"I never thought anyone would ever put Hogan in the shadows, but he did," says Gene Sarazen. "Nicklaus has the remarkable combination of power and finesse, and he is one of the smartest guys ever to walk the fairways. And he has been an extraordinary leader. What more is there to say? Jack Nicklaus is the greatest competitor of them all."

The same front-runners who booed him a few years ago are now falling all over themselves to adore him. No sooner does Nicklaus strike a drive—and before even he himself can tell whether it is short, long, in the rough or behind a tree—most of the gallery is oohing and aahing and saying "Wow!" "Great shot," "Way to go, Jack!" And then somebody like Hale Irwin belts one 20 yards longer, to the right place, and silence rolls around the hills.

The fans even defer to Nicklaus' reg-
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ular caddy, Angelo Argea, fawning over him, seeking his autograph. When two caddies at Akron had to get through a crowd, a blazerperson said, "Hey, let Angelo and the caddy through." The galleries part when Nicklaus moves to the tee, and if he is polite and smiles at someone in his path, the person is most likely to turn away, abashed before his greatness. When he speaks, people just listen to what he says, never noticing the same high-pitched voice they used to mock and laugh at. This is the way it is when at last you are liked.

Since Palmer faded, there has been a succession of challengers to Nicklaus—Player, Trevino, Weiskopf, Miller, Crenshaw, now Watson, with Nicklaus patiently anticipating that Severiano Ballesteros will be trotted out soon. Each has credentials, each has been hot for a time, but looking back across the '70s, one can see that they were mostly dramatic inventions of a press that had to create rivals in order to sustain interest.

The champion always enjoyed the competition—"This is fun," he observed to Weiskopf and Miller in the cauldron of his '75 Masters victory—but in essence, he was only, as ever, competing against himself. "The toughest thing about success is that you've got to keep on being a success," Irving Berlin once noted, but it is typical of Nicklaus that he sees it the other way round. "Winning breeds more winning," he says. "You learn how to win by winning. As long as I'm prepared, I always expect to win."

The slump, so called, of 1976 and '77 would surely not even have attracted attention except that Nicklaus had reached the same age when the legendary Palmer couldn't win the majors anymore. Ergo, neither could Nicklaus. In fact, in 1977 he was tied for the lead in three of the big four with only two holes to play. But early in 1978 he brought the winter tour to its knees, finishing second, first, second, first in four straight tournaments. And in July, at St. Andrews, he won his 17th major championship, which is four more than anyone else has ever won. Even though Nicklaus feels his record will be broken one day, very few agree.

It is Nicklaus' own judgment that he played the 1978 British Open, tee to green, as well as he played any major championship in all his life. His rival at the end was one Simon Owen, a New

Zealander of no previous consequence. This detracted somewhat from the drama, but having had two straight previous second places in the British Open and three times been a runner-up in a major tournament since winning the 1975 PGA, it could hardly be said that Nicklaus reached the 16th tee, a stroke back, immune to thoughts of failure. Owen had just chipped in from 25 yards out and was enjoying an unconscious, Fleckful kind of afternoon.

An athlete looks funny putting. Nobody ever said that any golfer looked good putting. Hushed and hunched, it is all a man can do not to appear silly. Nicklaus looks no better at it than anyone else. But even all this he understands. It is a verity in the game that the putting touch is the first casualty of middle age. "There is no logical reason for that," he says. "But putting is the least manly thing in golf, and therefore, when a player gets older and he does not win as much, he blames it on his putting. He does not want to admit that his power may be leaving him."

Ah, but then the drive. Here is the golfer, here is Nicklaus, rampant. At the 16th at St. Andrews, the Corner of the Dyke, par-4, 382 yards, he took out his three-wood and teed up the ball. Simon Owen, one stroke ahead, watched him. People are usually let down when they first encounter Nicklaus, for he is not nearly as large as they had imagined. But he is genuinely awesome upon the tee. Often as not he will clench and unclench his gloved hand, giving it the threatening appearance of a claw. He never speaks, perhaps with the unconscious knowledge that to reveal his choir-boy voice at this stage would spoil the act. Instead, he stands silently behind the ball, his piercing blue eyes scrutinizing it as surely as if it were a bold adversary. Then Nicklaus raises his head and looks out carefully over the fairway, in every way the captain scanning the sea. The courses he builds are criticized for being too tough, too unyielding, too much in his own image, but they are also marked by one other thing: each hole must either go downhill or give that appearance, so that a man can properly survey his domain.

St. Andrews is distinct from any other course in the world, of course, an unbecoming instrument of the winds that

sweep off the North Sea. "Just to see it, it's ugly," Nicklaus says. "The buildings are all ugly—even the old clubhouse—all so gray and stark. There are no trees. But put it all together, it is one of the most gorgeous sites in the world. You see, it is pretty because of what I feel for it."

St. Andrews had restored Nicklaus once before, in 1970, the first major he won after his father died. Now, on the 16th at St. Andrews in 1978, he put the three-wood exactly where he wanted to, 260 yards out, to the left of the Principal's Nose bunkers, and then he strode the fairway. The second shot, 120 yards, a nine-iron, fell barely six feet from the pin. Intimidated, Owen flew his iron over the green, and he bogeyed. Nicklaus drummed home his six-footer, dead on. He makes the six-footers; manhood comes in many-sized packages. And thus in one hole: one down to one up.

"If you look at the PGA figures, you'll see that the guy with the best average is usually less than a stroke under the guy back in 30th place," Nicklaus says. "So you're talking about a fifth of a stroke a day between winning and 30th, and, Jimmy Christinas, you can't tell me there's that much difference in our swings. The difference is something else. I was fortunate in a lot of ways. I was fortunate to have a good father, who helped me get into this. I was fortunate to have a pretty good head. A lot of it's her"—a nod to Barbara—"a gal who's been understanding. There's all that. I know I've won with something besides the shots, but I don't know for sure what that something is."

He parred the 17th, the famous Road Hole, and Owen, obviously pressing now, took another bogey, so that Nicklaus, the old has-been, came to the last hole safe, two up on the field at St. Andrews. A three-wood off the tee and then a seven-iron left him sure upon the green, only 35 feet away; he was a lock now. He gave his caddy the iron, and then, under the lowering sky of a midsummer Scottish day, with 30,000 fans of golf cheering for him, he marched up the fairway. The roars of St. Andrews fell upon him well before he reached the green and, in response, the tears filled up his eyes and began to roll down his face. He had triumphed again, and he smiled as he drew closer. And more: he could look through the mist of his crying and see once again how clean it was all around. **END**

Taking Part:



I can show you a trick or two which I don't teach to everybody," Mark Twain wrote to a would-be collaborator. "Bring along lots of dry statistics. Ingeniously used, they just make a reader smack his chops in gratitude."

Twain's advice was taken to heart by all America, and nowhere practiced more furiously than in sport. The numbers sluice in torrents. The rise and fall of scores and standings and records and gates and averages and ratings has become a familiar aspect of human frolic. Yet at present there are some numbers that seem to mount not as part of cyclical trends but ever upward. These are the statistics describing the growth of participant sports, and they may well show a sea change in American habits and values.

Some 40 million people now play tennis in this country, twice as many as five years ago. Perhaps 25 million run, half of them in compulsive earnest, a 200% gain in four years. Seventy-five million bicycle, also up. Sixty million fish, 20 million hunt, 19 million ride, 12 million ski, and—can this be right?—22 million Americans now roller skate.

Although most of the surveys that come up with these figures reflect Twain's high regard for ingenuity, one fact appears unassailable. Every sport that calls upon its devotees to get out and perform is expanding. The statistic with the most force: 47% of all Americans now say they engage in some sort of physical exercise—double the number in 1961, according to a recent Gallup poll. And there seems to be no sign of a slowdown. If this is the year of the participant, it is only because we haven't seen anything yet.

These events have some clear explanations. The rise in participation has naturally paralleled increases in leisure time. Surely the social emancipation of women has found gratifying expression in active sport. And a reason for the rush to those endeavors calling for sustained heavy breathing is a concern for better health, although Dr. Roger Bannister rightly calls the connection between vigorous exercise and good health "a tangle web."

Resistance to many diseases is associated with good phys-

ical condition. Research undertaken by Dr. Kenneth Cooper at his Aerobics Center in Dallas has shown that the more endurance a subject displays on a treadmill, the better his scores on coronary-disease risk factors such as hypertension, blood lipids and body fat. A remarkable Blue Cross/Blue Shield advertisement states that 71-year-old jogger Mavis Lindgren cured a lifetime of colds by commencing a running program nine years ago. That is a bold conclusion, as it seems to overlook a lesson in basic logic, namely that associated with doesn't mean caused by.

A fine case in point is the statistical observation of Dr. Thomas J. Bassler, a California pathologist and runner, that no one who has finished a marathon in less than four hours within the previous six years has fallen victim to a certified heart attack. The tempting conclusion is that marathoning prevents heart attacks, and it probably does in many cases, but there is also the strong possibility that running 26 miles and 385 yards at nine minutes per mile is simply a stern screening process, separating the healthy hearts from the faint. So the causal connection between fitness and the health of one's heart remains unproved. Indeed, three recent studies summarized in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, in which post-cardiac patients who exercised were compared with sedentary ones, showed no difference in heart function or in how long the two groups lived.

In one sense, improving fitness may mask heart disease. Exercise that makes the lungs and muscles more efficient means the heart doesn't have to work as hard for the body to handle a specific stress. A patient may feel better, perform better, but his heart is no stronger.

Studies have not been able to show that longevity is increased through exercise, yet the sensations of fitness exert a profound appeal. For many, faithful running or swimming or cycling or cross-country skiing is a treasured aid to living vividly and with improved, if not perfect, spirits.

Even while understanding the fundamental reasons for

You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet



ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

our increasing interest in participant sports, one may still be curious about the abrupt leap in the last couple of years. A letter I received from Amy Scott, 14, of Brookfield, Mass., asks, "Why did running and jogging change from a fad to a sport?" This runner of 20 years feels that Amy has it backward, that running used to be a sport, is now smothered by fad, and we all hope it will make it back to a sport again. Running—and to a degree most other burgeoning physical activities—has demonstrated what might be thought of as a critical mass theory of growth. People have always run, but so few that their solitude made them symbols of loneliness. Slowly their numbers advanced, until a point was reached—Frank Shorter's victory in the 1972 Olympic marathon is as good a guess as any—when a social chain reaction began. Growth became geometric, and fed on itself, because once past that point of no return, running was visible. All those checks on human behavior that apply when one has to go it alone fell away. As the "me" decade provided a fine excuse to soak in hot tubs, strut in discos and vote for Proposition 13, running became for many an exhilarating self-indulgence. Vigorous sport has always called to us from our genes, from our childhoods, but not, until recently, from our culture. When it finally did, an explosion was inevitable.

It has been remarked that nobody ever went broke underestimating the vulgarity of the American public, although it is not precisely the vulgarity of the millions of new athletes that makes them easy marks for \$100 digital stopwatches, but their innocence. There is an adolescent awkwardness about them. Their mistakes are those of overstatement, their evangelism the pushy zeal of fresh converts.

For example, the running boom has fired its minstrels to coin new language about an ancient activity. They tell us of "runner's high," while soaring so high as to be unintelligible. In assessing this elation sometimes experienced after a half-hour of running, the enthusiasm of Richard Karlgaard, author of *The Last Word on Running* (would that it

were), is typical. "There is no end to the ways the transition can be described," he writes. "In one sense, it is religious, because at the depths of your despair you are miraculously born again with new power." What is it he is describing? "Second wind," says Frank Shorter flatly. "And when you're really fit, you don't even get that any more."

The motto of the tabloid *On The Run* is "Running is the key to life." Its editor and publisher, running entrepreneur Bob Anderson, says, "Someone once said, 'For humanity to survive it will have to invent a new religion.' The religion has been invented. It is the religion of the runner." Such egregious excess, of course, cannot be defended, but what is a fad anyway but an infantile phenomenon, a phase to be passed through on the way to better sense? This is a time, then, for patience, steadiness and charity. These may be more easily mustered if one recalls that at least the evangelical runner is moving through his boorishness while the perpetual spectator is fixed in vicarious infancy. Active sport does not disqualify anyone from the joys of spectating, but everyone who has a body is inescapably an athlete. To reject the real and close at hand for the distant and imagined, when you can have both, seems a wasteful, self-abusive decision.

The most perceptive observers can be temporarily disoriented in this time of breathless self-consciousness. Colman McCarthy wrote this in *The Runner*: "My argument is not that runners are better people, but that running is a better sport than any other. Because of that, we have special debts to pay. If we are not to be seen as mere hedonists, it is time we developed a social conscience."

Experienced runners must smile at that. When running was purer sport, its complete absence of social approval or obligation was central to its appeal. Dr. George Sheehan was drawn to it as "The person who did not wish his neighbor ill, but did not wish him well, either."

Yet the shakiest of McCarthy's assertions is that any sport could be better than any other. Sport mirrors life, so we

continued

have sports of risk, of grace, of harmony, of the use of force. Our bodies are the dominant deciders of what games are best for us to play, and our bodies disagree, sometimes violently. Sheehan explains this, in illuminating Dr. William Sheldon's work on the relationships between body build and personality. "As in all of nature, structure determines function. Should his structure be analyzed correctly, a person would discover what kind of body he has and therefore what kind of person he is. He would then perceive whether he is built for flight or fight or negotiation.... Without Sheldon you will try to reform yourself or others. At least two-thirds of the people in the world will set your teeth on edge if you don't understand each body build and the natural way these people act."

The awkwardness we show as we crowd toward active sport is in part our floundering to fit our disparate bodies to

the right sports. The thickly muscled mesomorphs eventually will flow to aggressive, chancy disciplines; the ectomorphs—Sheehan's "small-boned loners"—must gravitate toward quiet runs in the forest; the plump and amiable endomorphs to social games. To get in the wrong category, in a sense, is to try to lead someone else's life.

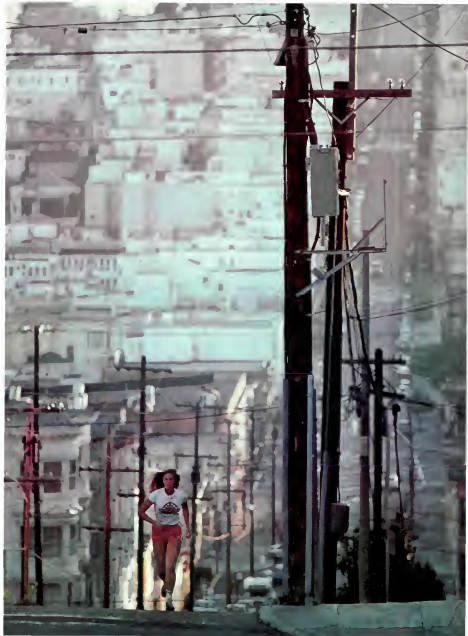
We all have these choices to make and we are not helped by voices proclaiming this is the key to life, this is the "best" pursuit. "One lesson history teaches," Naomi Bliven wrote in *The New Yorker* recently, in discussing the cruelties of the 14th century, "is how much that is human is alien to any one of us." That is a lesson not adopted in a day, but through repeated tryings-on, through experience. As American participant sport matures, it will surely calm itself, and accept the richness of its diversity.

—KENNY MOORE

The Sound of Cheering from Within

They are athletes too, although they are not concerned with multiyear contracts, product endorsements or national fame. They will never see their performances on videotape replays, nor hear the roar of the crowds when they achieve something special, except perhaps inside their heads. And yet they are out there, often alone, sometimes uncomfortable, working their bodies, pushing themselves to personal goals dictated from within. And for what? Physical fitness, of course, but surely there is something more. They run, they swim, they climb—it doesn't matter exactly what. What does matter is that they do, and having done, they are pleased and proud.

If it's a challenge you're looking for, try San Francisco for your next workout. With Russian Hill in the background, a young woman battles her way up Lombard Street in the early morning.

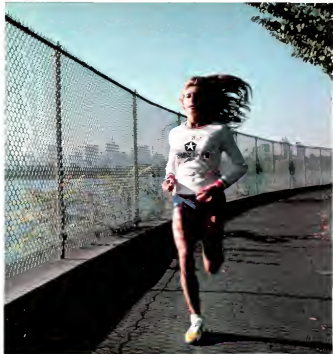




Bucky Cox, of Lawrence, Kansas, became the unofficial world-record holder in the marathon for 5-year-olds, going the route in 5:25.09. Bucky does six miles a day, usually before school, in his case the first grade. "Running makes me lose my mind," he says.

In Dallas, some businessmen have found that one good way to avoid the three-quarter lunch is to go to the Downtown YMCA at noon and run a few laps on the track. And where is this track? On the roof of the building, slightly banked, with 21 laps to the mile.





In the heart of New York's Central Park is the Reservoir, whose one billion gallons of water supply part of the city. The cedar path that surrounds the Reservoir provides joggers with a 7.5-mile track that offers a splendid view of the skyline and a traffic-free training ground.

Several times a week the Stuarts of Atlanta—Bill, Jay and the kids—go jogging together, sometimes for as many as four miles. Stuart, a neurologist, believes running helps develop self-control. "Most runners are quiet people," he says. "You are forced into your own mind."





Lynn Miller of Indianapolis and Wellesley College has been backpacking most of her 21 years. She has studied red monkeys in the Peruvian jungle and has gone through a five-day survival course in Wyoming. "It really builds your confidence," she says.



While raising eight children, Mathilde (Mom) Lee, wife of the acting governor of Maryland, has also kept in the swim. In a state Masters meet, she did the 50-yard breaststroke in 48.47, fifth best in the country for women in the 55-59 age group.



The University of Washington's Climbing Club can pursue its sport right on campus, thanks to a 32-foot



"mountain" built for \$41,500 in 1976. Happily the more difficult handholds and crevices are near the ground.



Sylvia Masique of Houston has been playing tennis for more than 20 years and is now trying to pass her love of the game on to her children. Mack and Kisha (see-art Sylvia) take lessons at Newk's Tennis Club. Marlon has just begun to sweat.

There goes Harry Ruttan, 45, the president of the Bicycle Touring Club of North Jersey, whose membership ranges in age from 12 to 70. Ruttan is a good one for the road. "I average 5,000 miles a year," he says. "It's a great way to keep in shape."



What do Nordic skiers do when there is no snow on the ground? Mark Lehtonen, a biologist who works for the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency, circles Lake of the Isles on regular skis with roller-skate wheels attached.



These California girls belong to the American Youth Soccer Organization, which includes 250,000 youngsters. One thing that makes AYSO so popular is that everyone who joins gets to play at least half of every game.

George Smith is a Denver real-estate man, but much of the real estate he and his four sons cover is vertical. Only 20 people have succeeded in climbing every peak over 14,000 feet in the U.S., five of them are Smiths.





Sports Town, U.S.A. It's San Diego

In participant sports, you name it, San Diego has it. Exertion for fitness and fun is now so pervasive in this sun-kissed city that the lazy have become pariahs

by **Ray Kennedy**

Go anywhere," said Steve Cushman, gesturing expansively as he jogged around a palm-fringed lagoon. "Go up to Mount Soledad, down to the Embarcadero or out to Crystal Pier. Go anywhere in San Diego, anywhere, stop for a moment, make one complete 360-degree turn, and if you don't see at least two dozen people engaged in a minimum of three different sports, well, it's either four o'clock in the morning or you've taken the wrong turnoff and ended up in Tijuana."

Cushman, a former minor league pitcher, recreation leader, racquetball promoter, exercise physiologist, soccer coach, tennis ace, weight lifter, bowling hustler, marathoner and guide to the city's sporting life, does not jest. He doesn't slow down, either. Taking him at his word, a winded visitor accompanying him on a running tour of Mission Bay Park, a 4,600-acre playground that is just a brisk jog from downtown San Diego, gladly stopped, turned full circle and duly noted not a few dozen but several thousand people at play.

Along with countless swimmers, sail surfers, water skiers and jet skiers, the waters were brimming with an armada of pleasure craft: kayaks, sloops, sculls, cabin cruisers, pontoon barges, paddle boats, catboats, catamarans, hydroplanes, hydrofoils—you name it, it was afloat and moving. Ashore, scattered across 27 miles of bayfront that meanders around a maze of coves, peninsulas and islands, parkgoers were bicycling, skateboarding, fishing, practicing karate, sailing Frisbees, batting whiffleballs and playing badminton, volleyball, kickball and touch football. And ev-

erywhere there were joggers, including one fast-stepping woman towing a tot on roller skates.

"Slow day," said Cushman, pausing between deep knee bends to explain that on peak days the park attracts 80,000 persons, nearly two million a year. "But you get the idea. San Diego is a year-round sports festival."

Like many San Diegans, Cushman is a transplant from the North, one of the thousands of Americans who each year migrate to the subtropical coastal city that has become a mecca for anyone interested in participant sports, physical fitness and the great outdoors. Oh, the collective pulse rate of the jog-happy residents of Eugene, Ore. or Gainesville, Fla. may be a tad lower. Per capita there may be more backpackers in Denver, more canoeists in Minneapolis. But for sheer numbers of participants, diversity of pursuits and intensity of involvement, San Diego must rank as the sports and fitness capital of the U.S.

If there be any doubters, let them follow the streams of people who pour out of City Hall and downtown offices at noontime and hoof it to nearby Balboa Park for group jogging sessions; judges and lawyers over there, secretaries to the left, dentists to the right.

Balboa Park is a hilly green oasis of 1,158 acres that not only encompasses one of the nation's finest zoos but also the facilities to host a participant sports olympics. Each week some 8,000 tennis players make use of the park's 25 courts, while a like number crowds its field house and two gymnasiums for table tennis (8,000 players a year), badminton (2,000 players a week) and volleyball (55 teams).

continued

SportsTown

continued

Along with two municipal golf courses, there is a wood-ed 18-hole layout for the latest rage, disk golf, which is played with a Frisbee. In addition, the park has archery ranges, lawn-bowling greens, shuffleboard courts, horseshoe pits, a casting pond, a football stadium and 10 athletic fields for everything from flag football (600 teams) to youth and adult soccer (350 teams). That plus a new velodrome that will host trials for the 1980 Pan-Am Games.

The fruits of all this energy are enshrined in the park's cultural complex, a cluster of neo-Moorish and Spanish ro-coco buildings that were erected for two world expositions. There, amid the art and science museums, is the Hall of Champions, "a living monument to the American way of life... created to honor our sons and daughters who have brought fame and glory to San Diego County."

One may view the memorabilia of baseball greats Ted Williams and Don Larsen, pro football's Lance Alworth and Ron Mix, boxer Archie Moore, Channel swimmer Florence Chadwick, Wimbledon queens Maureen Connolly and Karen Hantze, and golfers Billy Casper, Mickey Wright and Gene Littler. Not to mention former world-record holder Bud Held (javelin) and Olympic gold medalists Billy Mills (10,000 meters) and Lowell North (sailing).

If any skeptics remain, like the man says, let them go anywhere in the city and stop and look around. For example, on a back road leading to the University of California, San Diego, one can see regally attired equestrians on one side, while on the other motorcycles, dune buggies and comical all-terrain vehicles skitter across the hills like jackrabbits.

Near the Salk Institute, on an oceanfront bluff overlooking Torrey Pines Municipal Golf Course, all seems tranquil until—a vroom!—a single-engine plane jounces across a field and takes off with a glider in tow. A port for sailplanes and gliders within a city's limits is rare enough, but even more so is the spectacle of hang gliders soaring off the same 400-foot sandstone cliff as the sailplanes, while far below, as far as the eye can see, surfboarders ride the rollers and strings of joggers take in the stunning scenery, which includes a group of nudists playing soccer at Black's Beach.

There is no escaping the San Diego sports scene. Plunge into the translucent waters off La Jolla, a deluxe community encircling a Riviera-like cove of sculptured rocks and caves, and there seem to be as many skin and scuba divers exploring the reefs as fish, for here too is an exquisite playground, called the San Diego-La Jolla Underwater Park.

Though the city has 249 other parks and playgrounds, any open expanse is fair game. On weekends when the Chargers or Padres are not at home, the parking lot of San Diego Stadium is shared by drag-strippers and the handicapped, who hold downhill and slalom wheelchair races in four classes (stock, modified, unlimited and electric). Even amateur ice hockey is flourishing in balmy San Diego; the demand for ice time at the five rinks is such that some teams have to practice at 2 a.m.

The catalogue goes on and on: sports-car racing, go-karting, sky diving, ballooning, 21 sports-car clubs, 350 yacht races, 1,500 bowling leagues. Jim Dillon, editor-publisher

of the monthly San Diego Sports Digest, sums up the myriad happenings as "unbelievable. For a jock—and I don't know anyone here who isn't—living in San Diego is like being on an eternal vacation."

The reasons for the city's preeminence as Sports Town, U.S.A. are several. First and foremost is the climate. The average temperature is 68° in summer and 57° in winter. The average annual rainfall is a modest 10 inches. One result is that there are more golf courses (72 at last count) and more tennis courts (1,200) in San Diego County than there are in many states. There are no real sports seasons; at any given time of the year more than 1,000 softball teams are in action. "We get seasons here," says one native. "May and June are our cloudy months."

As if having the mighty Pacific for a front yard were not blessing enough, nature has also endowed San Diego with the kind of topography that most sportsmen know only from travel brochures. Its grandeur is best perceived from the Cabrillo National Monument, a craggy promontory on Point Loma that is the most southwesterly point in the U.S. To the south can be seen the five-mile sweep of a sandspit called the Silver Strand, which is crowned by the Hotel del Coronado, a magnificent old (1888) gingerbread castle that is a sports center unto itself. To the north is the teeming sand-box of Mission Beach, with its promenades patrolled by hundreds of roller skaters and bicyclists. And that is but a mere glimpse of the surfside action, because the county has 70 miles of public beach, nearly half of all the public oceanfront in the state of California.

Turning east, the evidence for San Diego's promotion of itself as "America's Finest City" unfolds in a vast panorama. First, framed by skyscrapers and the protective arms of the Silver Strand and Point Loma, is hook-shaped San Diego Bay, pronounced "one of the world's finest harbors" by the Portuguese explorer Juan Cabrillo when he happened upon it in 1542. On weekends, when the city's entire fleet of 15,000 pleasure craft seemingly is under way, when charter boats are heading out for marlin, albacore and yellow-tail, the bay resembles a seagoing freeway at rush hour.

Beyond the bay, the land rises to foothills and mesas creased by canyons and broad valleys, climbs to the 6,000-foot peaks of the Laguna Mountains and then drops sharply to a desert floor that extends through the 550,000-acre Anza Borrego Desert State Park.

The Lagoons, which are snow-capped in winter and only a 40-minute drive from the ocean, offer picturesque cross-country skiing through hills dotted with old gold-mining towns and mountain wineries. But members of the city's eight skiing clubs are inclined to drive more than two hours to Big Bear and other ski resorts in the Sierra Nevada. Nonetheless, there is no disclaiming—or suppressing—the repeated boast of San Diegans that they can go surfing in the morning, snow skiing in the afternoon, have a picnic supper in the desert and still be back in time for a game of racquetball before the 11 o'clock news.

All told, the accessibility of such varied terrain—tide-land lagoons, hot springs, mountain forests, painted deserts—affords a range of activities not ordinarily associated with a seaside tourist haven. For the 4,700 members of the San Diego Sierra Club, the city is a base camp for hiking, en-

continued

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1860 TODAY

Sports Town

continued

noing, rock climbing and mountaineering forays. There is a duck-hunting season on city-owned lakes, and trout and bass fishing in the county's 12 inland lakes. Pheasant and quail abound in the high meadows, and farther on in the "back country" there are also deer, bear, bobcat, bighorn sheep and mountain lion.

As the final proof that Somebody Up There likes them, citizens point out that San Diego is roughly 150 miles south of the San Andreas Fault and has never suffered a damaging earthquake. "Would you believe that San Diego is the center of the universe?" says Dr. Thaddeus Kostrubala, a psychiatrist and the author of *The Joy of Running*.

So many folks do that the city has become something of an endangered locality. After all, it is a metropolis, the ninth-largest city in the U.S. But not so anyone would notice, its 797,000 citizens being spread out over 323 square miles as compared to New York's 7.6 million over 332 square miles and Chicago's three million over 223. A big small town, as they say.

Still, with 40,000 new residents pouring into the county each year, and as one of the few major cities still gaining in population, San Diego is feeling the crunch. That it hasn't already succumbed to death by affection is a result of a happy mix of luck, *laissez-faire* and what Neil Morgan, a columnist for the *Evening Tribune*, calls the "accumulative failures of the Establishment for a century."

Yes, in its perverse way, history too has been uncommonly kind to San Diego. In 1887 a flood caused the terminus of the second transcontinental railroad to be diverted to Los Angeles. At the turn of the century, San Diego figured to be the state's major port, with its superb natural harbor, until Los Angeles built an artificial one in 1911 and attracted most of the shipping. Then in the 1920s San Diego was supposed to be the western anchor of the first southern transcontinental highway, but once again upstart L.A. won that distinction.

"Naturally, with all those failures—shipping, railroads, highways—San Diego couldn't attract much industry," says Morgan. "For years this kept the city free of pollution and overcrowding. Now we have industry and tourism, but the things people did wrong in the past have helped make this a golden place."

Left to prosper in their own sweet time, San Diegans did much that was right. As early as 1868, when the citizenry numbered only 2,301, officials had the foresight to set aside the tract of "pueblo land" that became Balboa Park.

At the end of World War II, when San Diego was still known as a Navy and retirees' town, voters passed the bond issue that allowed Mission Bay to be dredged and transformed into the world's largest aquatic park. Subsequently, two resort islands were built in San Diego Bay and the glittering expanse of Coronado was linked to the city by a curving two-mile bridge of such ethereal design that it seems to float across the water like a throwaway to Oz.

A wizard was needed, however, to accommodate a population that has nearly tripled in the past three decades. And so in 1971 Pete Wilson was elected mayor on the strength of his pledge to ward off "Los Angelization, the reckless, uncontrolled and costly sprawl and rapid degeneration of our prize environment." With a few exceptions,

Wilson's campaign to control growth and attract only "environmentally acceptable" industry has so far been largely successful. Congestion is under rein, air pollution is relatively minor and the boys are untainted.

Another Wilson pledge, "to make San Diego the fitness capital of America," was a cinch if only because many of the new arrivals are unconstructed jocks. Every other person one meets in San Diego these days is either an ex-linebacker who's into boogie-boarding, a tai-chi convert or the push-up champion of Davenport, Iowa—or all three, for rare is the Diegan who is not at least a triple threat.

Which is precisely why Dr. Mark Shipman, a psychiatrist who is establishing a center for the study of leisure time, selected San Diego as the ideal city in which to live and pursue his research. "In New York and other big cities," he says, "there are lots of people who are terrified of having 'time to kill.' But in San Diego no one has to ask what to do with themselves. You get here and you just want to go outdoors and run or swim or, yes, go fly a kite. This is where people come to prove that staying alive doesn't have to be work, it can be fun."

Shipman, a marathoner, says that "for decades the formula has been 20 years of education to prepare for 20 years of production to prepare for 20 years of dying. Well, San Diego attracts the kind of risk-taking people who defy that routine by living their lives out all the way. In a very real sense, San Diego is America's last frontier."

The effect is far-reaching. Indeed, if all of Southern California is a pilot project, as one critic asserts, then San Diego is a preview of what America's passion for participant sports bodes for tomorrow. The most obvious result is a new strain of athlete whom the flabbies like to call "fitness freaks."

Take Patti Hurl, an aerobics dance teacher and the wife of a San Diego fireman. Last year she ran six miles on a Monday, had her second daughter on Tuesday and was back running again on Sunday, albeit "gingerly." Far from a burden, she found that "running through pregnancy was a great training aid."

An even better aid, she says, is running while pushing one of her children in a stroller, which she has done off and on for two years and a total of 1,500 miles. At last year's Balboa Park Eight Mile Run, at least one man dropped out when she whirled by him on a steep hill, pulling the stroller behind her. "I couldn't get a babysitter that day," says Hurl, who averaged eight minutes a mile despite her handicap. She says, "I do more than I have to for health's sake because, well, I guess some of us are a little fanatic."

The Patti Hurls are legion and they indicate that the great American fitness race is more than a craze; in prototypical San Diego, it has become a way of life. The movement also has an open-air cathedral, a grassy hillock in Mission Bay Park where each Sunday at 8 a.m., 500 or more of the faithful assemble for the San Diego Marathon Clinic. Started in 1974 by Thaddeus Kostrubala, who says that he was a "fat, anxious, discontented psychiatrist" before he came to San Diego in 1971 and was born again through running, and a few friends who met at his home

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Sports Town

continued

for jogalongs, the sessions became so popular that they were soon moved to the park and opened to all comers.

There, on a recent Sunday, clinic director Austin (Ozzie) Gontang chatted amiably while directing stretching exercises ("C'mon, enliven the pain!"), then turned the congregation over to group leaders who conducted runs of varying distances up to 25 miles. Newcomers were invited to sit beneath the "beginner's tree," where Peter Saccone, a junior high school English teacher, began his lively 60-minute sermon on the joys of jogging by saying, "All of you are an experiment of one."

No Sunday school was ever more upbeat. Which is only fitting, says Kostrubala, a leader of a new branch of mental health that promotes jogging as a form of natural psychotherapy. Based on his own experiences on the jogging trails, during which he shed 60 pounds and "plugged into a new area of the unconscious," in 1973 he began treating his patients while jogging alongside them for one hour, three times a week. The workouts, he says, produce "psychologically catalytic" changes that help integrate mind and body. He has found the technique effective in treating depression, drug addiction and schizophrenia. Kostrubala, who recently moved to the mountain resort town of Mammoth Lakes, Calif. to be closer to nature, concludes "Modern man is a running animal in a poorly run zoo."

In her new book, *The Psychic Power of Running*, Valerie Andrews argues that weekend clinics like San Diego's could well be the basis for the nation's first group-rooms movement in community mental health.

"What's happening," says Gontang, a marriage counselor who also practices therapy-on-the-run, "is that people are getting in touch with themselves. They're expressing their individuality in a megasociety and getting a sense of self-confidence. They ask themselves, 'If I can run 26 miles, what else can I do?' Forget the Boonin Man and Wonder Woman. People are plugging in to some energy they never knew they had and they've become their own heroes."

Neither age nor sex is a barrier to participation, as Laura Dodge can well assert. She ran her first marathon at age seven and now, a seasoned veteran of 11 who logs 45 miles a week, she would no more miss a workout than she would Young Athlete. If she does lay off, she says, she gets fat, and these days a girl has got to watch her figure.

Noel Johnson, alias Battlin' Johnson, now boxes under the nickname of Baby Blue Eyes. "My gal friend named me that," he says. He also runs, lifts weights and plays tennis. Trouble is, at 79 he has trouble finding opponents worthy of challenging his title of world senior boxing champion.

A pro fighter in the 1920s, Johnson retired from his job as a machinist when he was 64, and at 70, he says, "I was nil, drinking too much beer, 35 pounds overweight and I couldn't run 100 feet." Fearing for his health, he began jogging and two years later ran the first of his two races up Pikes Peak. Each Thanksgiving he and four friends in their 60s run a relay race from Hollywood to Las Vegas, a distance of 300 miles.

Between his daily workouts, Baby Blue Eyes is finishing a book on how he became "the healthiest, the toughest and best-looking man my age in the world. Everyone just loves the title: *A Dad at 70, a Stud at 80*."

Much of the credit for the city's focus on fitness must go to Drs. Fred Kasch and John Boyer and their pioneering work in exercise therapy. Kasch, head of the Exercise Physiology Laboratory at San Diego State, has been conducting adult fitness classes for more than 20 years. Symbolic of his contribution is the huge clock on the tower above his exercise complex. Lighted at night, it has only a single sweep hand so that joggers circling in the dark a quarter of a mile away can check their pulse rates.

Boyer's charges can be seen trudging around a field adjoining the Alvarado Community Hospital. Closely monitored, they are in fact running for their lives. All are heart-disease victims, or have had heart attacks or heart surgery, they are outpatients who only a few years ago would have been bedridden or hospitalized. "The emphasis is on healing and getting stronger every day," says Janet Edwards, the program director. Jack Sardo, a 45-year-old bricklayer who suffered a heart attack last year, agrees. He recently took time out from the program to run his first marathon.

Credit too must go to the San Diego Track Club for what Bill Gookin describes as "bringing sports back to the people." Gookin, one of the SDTC's founders, says that a decade ago the club decided to end the elitism of sponsoring a few dozen top athletes and to encourage anyone with a pair of sneakers to join. The first everman's track club of any size, its ranks grew from 100 to 1,500 and other major clubs around the country soon followed its lead.

Another SDTC stalwart, attorney Dave Pain, struck the first blow for gray liberation. It happened 13 years ago when he found that at 43 he was a middle-distance runner with nowhere to compete. "The only thing I could do was create my own event," he says. So he did just that at a local track meet in 1967. Under Pain's leadership, that first mile developed into an international masters program, a full range of 20 track and field events in nine over-40 age groups.

At last year's World Veterans Championships in Göteborg, Sweden, which drew 5,000 athletes from 50 nations, one of the standouts was San Diego's Wim McFadden, the Bruce Jenner of the 70-and-over set. A top collegiate cross-country runner in 1926, McFadden had been "out of action" for more than 40 years when Pain launched the masters program. Rolling back the decades, McFadden, 73, a retired landscape gardener, went into training and in 1970 he won the national over-70 pentathlon championship. Currently he holds the world record for the triple jump in his age group and ranks among the top five in the 110-meter hurdles, 200-meter dash, high jump, long jump and discus.

"My high-jump mark [4' 3"] should improve a lot," says McFadden, "because I've just about perfected this new-fangled technique." He calls it the McFadden Flip.

The impact of this sweaty activity on the city's life-style is everywhere apparent. Standing in lines at supermarkets or the movies, people spontaneously start doing stretching exercises. Warmup suits have become status symbols, and it is not uncommon for suburbanites to get togged out in their "dress sweats" for cocktail parties. And invariably these social gatherings tend to divide, with the jocks on one side of

continued



The freezer. There's a Ford Granada in that block of ice — with Shell Fire & Ice motor oil in its crankcase. After we chipped through the ice, we turned the key. The engine started in four seconds.



The oven. Same test car, same Shell Fire & Ice, towing a 20-ton crane in the Mojave Desert 36 hours later. The oil temperature hit 270°F (well above normal). But Shell Fire & Ice protected the engine.

From the freezer to the oven in 36 hours: The Shell motor oil that had to earn its name.

Take a new Ford Granada and ask it to crank up fast, frozen in a huge block of ice. Then, after you've thawed it out, ask it to pull a 30-ton crane through several miles of Mojave Desert.

Do that and you aren't just asking the car to perform. You're demanding peak performance from its motor oil.

A frozen Ford gets a quick start

Shell Fire & Ice® 10W-40 is an all-season motor oil. And an all-season motor oil should be able to help cold engines start fast.

Enter "the freezer."

First we built a special mold to hold our Ford Granada.

Then we put it in a gigantic freezer at zero degrees and sprayed in gallon after gallon of water. Layer by layer, the water was frozen around the car.

Inside the Ford's crankcase, the oil temperature dropped to well below freezing.

When we removed the walls of the mold, the ice was so solid that it took us an hour with two pickaxes to hack our way into the passenger compartment.

Finally, we turned the key.

Immediately, the engine cranked. In four seconds, it started. We'd gotten



our Shell Fire & Ice all-season motor oil down to subfreezing, and it still helped the engine start fast.

"The Oven"

An all-season oil also has to protect when the going gets hot. And the going that gets an oil the hottest is towing a heavy load.

So after we'd defrosted our test car (a 36-hour task), we hooked it up to the crane we'd used to lift the ice block out of its mold.

The crane weighed in at over 60,000 pounds — the Ford Granada, a mere 3,500 pounds.

We started towing. By the time we'd gone several miles, the oil tem-

perature had hit 270°F. Well above normal.

Did Shell Fire & Ice protect? We tore the Ford's engine down the next day for a closer look. And after carefully examining its critical parts, our technical experts had the proof.

There was not one bit of abnormal engine wear. 36 hours after helping a cold engine start fast, the same Shell Fire & Ice motor oil had protected an extra-hot engine.

Ask for it by name

For quick cold-weather starts and hot-engine protection, ask for the motor oil that earned its name. Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 All-Season Motor Oil. It's available from participating Shell dealers. Or from many stores where quality motor oil is sold.



SportsTown

continued

the room and the smokers and heavy eaters on the other

"There really is a body-beautiful culture here," says Mary Duncan, head of the recreation department at San Diego State. "If you're overweight, smoke and aren't suntanned, you risk something very close to ostracism." As one T-shirt slogan warns, STAY FIT, OR STAY INSIDE.

"Our entire social life is geared around people who work out," says Jerry Vickers, a Pacific Southwest Airlines pilot who swims 2,000 meters daily with his wife Sandra. "We seldom go to parties where people smoke and booze it up anymore. It's not snobbery, it's just that we don't have anything in common with them except that they're people. Sandra and I have the neatest marriage, and I know it's because we're in shape."

When his first wife died a few years ago, Vickers says, "Swimming was the only thing that got me through it. It's a real safety valve. If you want to put your head in the water and scream, no one will hear you. You just watch those black lines and forget."

As participant sports have developed apace in San Diego, two dominant themes have evolved. The first, quite simply, is that everybody takes part. Rare is the event that doesn't have categories for both sexes, all ages and, many times, professions. Sandy Lo Presto, a bartender at the Westgate Hotel, has helped teach 420 blind persons to water-ski. René Regalot, the city's fitness director, holds classes in which preschoolers wield miniature barbells and senior citizens do side-straddle hops. And while it has been said that jogging is a largely middle-class phenomenon, two months after 11,000 runners poured over the Coronado Bridge in the Heart of San Diego Marathon and 10,000-meier run, another 800 poured under it in the annual Barrio Run. A race that winds through the Mexican-American section, it ended in Chicano Park, where there were mariachi bands and enough jalapeño peppers and hot sauce to fuel the jets taking off from Lindbergh Field.

The second dominant theme is fitness and fun first, competition and the star system second. The Old Mission Beach Athletic Club, the sponsor of Over-the-Line (beach softball) tournaments, wouldn't have it any other way. OTL rules are simple: equipment is minimal (bat, ball and case of Bud) and strategy cunning (e.g., mousetraps bur-

ied in the sand). OMBAC refuses to clean up the, er, risqué names of the teams for national TV, and spurns commercialism at every turn lest it ruin the whoopee spirit of the game. OMBAC's headquarters is the nearest bar, which usually means the Beachcomber, a lively sports den presided over by a pair of pro wrestlers. Yet for all its roostabout ways, OMBAC is in fact a group of 150 more or less upright citizens—cops, lawyers, salesmen—who are a vital part of the city's sporting life. Among other things, OMBAC stages a half marathon for the lung association, sponsors a lacrosse team, two softball teams, and three rugby teams, including a women's squad that was undefeated in 20 matches last season.

Under sports, good-time division, there is an annual rubber-boat race in which 50 seven-man crews crash through the surf and a 76-mile, south-of-the-border bikeathon that attracts 5,000 participants for what is more a revel than a race. In a town where cross-country skiers traverse the beaches, where small boats are rigged with wheels for sailing across the desert, there is a built-in passion for the unusual. In Balboa Park a league of 30 women's teams plays volleyball, a hybrid game in which the net is lowered and the volleyball is allowed to bounce once.

Some parks have jogging trails that feature obstacle courses and exercise stations. And while racquetball was invented elsewhere, it was named and promoted into the latest national sports craze in San Diego. Today the county has 60 racquetball clubs, 500 courts and most of the game's top players.

Jim Murray, the *Los Angeles Times* sports columnist, has written, "San Diego is a body of land surrounded on two sides by water, on two sides by mountains, and on all sides by apathy. There are two things to do in San Diego. You can go to the zoo or you can join the navy."

San Diegans answer that L.A. is so smog-bound that Murray can't see the truth for looking, that what he thinks is apathy is really contentment. Neil Morgan agrees, noting that San Diego is influenced by a "quaint mix of traits" imposed by its neighbors to the north and south. "I don't think we work as hard here," he says. "That's partly our Latin inheritance, but mainly it's because people have different priorities. On the whole, San Diegans rate bucks, power and prestige lower than leisure and health and sports participation."

Which is what the good life is all about, says Dr. Mark Shipman. By nature, he concludes, San Diegans run counter to the old Protestant work ethic, which dictates that "you can either work or you can have a good time but you can't do both. Well, San Diegans do both. These people have a good time. And they couldn't be more right. All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, it means he doesn't live as long or contribute as much to society. San Diego is a monument to the other Jack."

END



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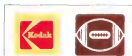
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A KODAK SPORTS PROGRAM

51

On the Run in Search of a

by James F. Fixx

I am running, sweating hard, down a two-lane road that curls through the dusty slopes of southern Greece. I am pressing, not so much because I want to catch the Greek runner bobbing along a couple of hundred yards ahead of me but because I hope, by my diligent effort, to free myself from the dogged American who for the past 10 miles has been directing an annoying wheeze at my right shoulder blade. The day is fearfully hot. The organizers of this marathon would, it occurs to me, have benefited from some meditations on Diogenes. With perfectly straight faces they swore that the temperature almost never went above 75° F. at this time of year, yet here it is in the mid-80s and still climbing. Only the roadside blankets of poppies and Queen Anne's lace and an occasionally motionless goat seem at home in this Attic inferno. Every few miles an official of the Hellenic Amateur Athletic Federation tries to ease our suffering by offering liquid in paper cups. For the most part, it is a warm orange fluid and when I try to drink some as I run, it sloshes onto my chest and congeals. Before many miles have passed I began to feel like an orange lollipop left too long in the sun.

Also in the race are Don Kardong, who finished fourth in the 1976 Olympic marathon, Chuck Secada, the silver medalist in the mar-

continued



Greek Ghost

The best-selling author, himself a marathoner, looks into the legend of Pheidippides, the courier who started the whole thing 2,500 years ago when he carried the news of his army's victory from Marathon to Athens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL MAFFIA



Greek Ghost

continued

athon in the 1975 Pan-Am Games, who tuned up by taking a run over Mount Olympus a few days earlier; Dr. Joan Ulyot, an accomplished marathoner and an authority on women's running; and some 250 other competitors. We have all been lured here by the mesmerizing tug of running's most celebrated legend.

That legend concerns Pheidippides, a foot courier who, after the outnumbered Athenian army's astonishing defeat of 30,000 crack Persian warriors on the Plain of Marathon in 490 B.C., carried a message to Athens, some 25 torturous miles to the southwest. Upon his arrival, so the story goes, he announced, "Rejoice! We conquer!" Thereupon, exhausted by the effort of running so far, he died on the spot. Because every modern marathoner is only too familiar with the sense of imminent personal disaster and because the distance Pheidippides is said to have run corresponds so closely with today's official marathon distance of 26.2 miles, he is universally saluted as the patron saint of marathon runners. Our race in Greece—the Spirit of Pheidippides Marathon—was named for him. He turns up in scores of books and magazine articles about running. Jeff Galloway, a former Olympian, has named a brace of sporting-goods stores after him and had the name emblazoned across thousands of T-shirts. There is, in short, scarcely a runner alive who does not revere the name Pheidippides.

However, surprisingly little is known about him. Some scholars think he may have been the same Pheidippides who a few days before the Battle of Marathon ran 150 miles in 48 hours to solicit

Spartan aid; others say this is a romantic confusion. One modern writer, Xenophon Messmer, asserts that Pheidippides made his run "in heavy armor," though on what authority, he fails to specify. Other details are similarly sparse. We do not know, for example, how old Pheidippides was, how fast he was, what part of Attica he came from, or anything else in the way of personal details.

There are some aspects of the story of which we can be reasonably certain, however. We know that the Battle of Marathon, which was a consequence of the first Persian effort to invade Greece, occurred in September, a month when nowadays the average maximum temperature in Athens is 83°F. We know, too, that the battle lasted only from breakfast until lunchtime. Finally, we know that an Athenian *hemerodromos*, or professional foot courier, would almost certainly have chosen much the same course that Kardōg, Smead and the rest of us followed, because it hugs the relatively level coast instead of needlessly traversing the mountains further inland.

Beyond that, we can do little but speculate. It is, in fact, hard to resist speculating, because—we may as well face it right now—the Pheidippides story is so patently improbable. Ask yourself: How likely is it, given the fact that thousands of modern marathon runners compete every weekend without mishap, that a trained runner would not only have collapsed but also died? Was the mere announcement of victory so urgent that it demanded effort that cost the messenger his life? Couldn't Pheidippides have run at a less arduous pace and thus have lived to run another day?

These questions nagged at me as I ran along the road from Marathon to Athens, as Pheidippides supposedly had done 2,500 years earlier. The Pheidippides legend had, in fact, troubled me ever since I started running 10 years ago. Now, given the opportunity to retrace the steps the hero is supposed to have taken, I hoped to immerse myself in his achievement and thereby

become a sort of spiritual brother to him. If, I reasoned, I could force myself to suffer as he had, and if I could, furthermore, do so in the same rocky setting, I might somehow bridge those 25 centuries. I might then penetrate to the elusive truth of the legend or, at the very least, to some approximation of what Pheidippides' run may have been like. Mine was a study in historical probabilities, based on the hunch that the closer I came to the authentic historical experience, the more I would be able to learn about it.

Three questions were uppermost in my mind:

1) After the Battle of Marathon, was a messenger in fact dispatched to Athens?

2) If such a messenger was dispatched, was he the same person who had earlier run to Sparta?

3) Whoever he was, did he in fact die as a result of the run?

During the weeks before the race I pored through Herodotus, Plutarch and other classical writers. I studied books and articles on Greek military history, training methods, clothing and diet. I interviewed scholars at four leading universities. I prodded experienced marathoners to make educated guesses about details of the ancient runner's ordeal. By the time I arrived in Marathon and was issued my number—300—I felt I should have entered the race under the name Phlox.

The easiest part of Pheidippides' experience to duplicate was the suffering. Even under ideal conditions a marathon is a difficult undertaking; on a hot day it is likely to be grievously demanding. This is why, as last May we stood in the blazing Greek sunshine near a monument marking the start of the 1896 Olympic marathon, there was little of the bonhomie that usually attends such occasions. We all knew what awaited us. True, there had been a display or two of high spirits on the bus out to Marathon: a New Jersey priest-marathoner, Patrick McCabe, beseeching our non-English-speaking driver to make an urgent stop by eloquently displaying a roll of toilet paper; a wisecrack or two about the marathon prospects of F. Harry Stowe, a phonetic approximation of the Greek word for thank you. Now, however, with the start of the race at hand, there was a clear sense of doom. Our spirits were not great—

continued



Deck the halls with plop plop, fizz fizz, falalalala lalala.....Ahhh!

There are lots of ways Yuletide pleasures lead to holiday headaches and upset stomachs. Sometimes the turkey does it to you. Sometimes the turkey and the holiday parties do it to you.

And sometimes you just do it to yourself. With the turkey, the trimmings, the eggnog and more eggnog. And before you know it, seasonal stuffing leads to seasonal suffering.

But with our little Yuletide treasure, you'll be ready. Alka-Seltzer® speeds relief to your aching head and upset stomach. So plop plop, fizz fizz, ho ho ho!

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1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Greek Ghost

continued

Ily lifted by the antic sight of a Greek runner who had enterprisingly glued two inches of red foam rubber to the soles of his shoes, apparently intending to bound like a kangaroo all the way to the marble stadium in Athens.

As an official loaded the starting gun, a Greek with a sense of ceremony handed each of us an olive sprig, to be reverently tossed onto the mound, three miles distant, that marks the mass grave of the Athenians who perished in defense of Marathon. At last the gun sounded and we were on our way, a sweating, polyglot ooze of sentimental athletes.

The early pace was fast, much too fast for the heat. With fatigue beginning to gnaw at me, it seemed increasingly unlikely that the same messenger who had just run 150 miles would be recruited for a second sustained run. Surely the athletics-loving Greeks would have known that such an effort leaves even a well-trained runner fatigued for weeks and sometimes months.

Significantly, the two-messenger theory finds support in the views of the late P. R. Coleman-Norton of Princeton, who refers to the second courier as an "anonymous Athenian runner." If, then, our spirit of romance beckons us to believe that Pheidippides 1 and Pheidippides 2 were the same man, common sense clearly asks us not to. There is, however, no reason thus far to insist that there was no Pheidippides 2 at all. For the moment, let's suppose there was. All that is necessary, to avoid confusion with Pheidippides 1, is to give Pheidippides 2 a distinguishing name. Let us therefore call him Euaithlos, a common Athenian name of the period and one that can be translated "Good Athlete"—or, in the present context, "Speedy."

In two respects, Speedy, if he existed, had an advantage over Karend and the rest of us. The countryside through which we were running is virtually treeless today; shade is scarcely to be found anywhere. In the fifth century B.C., however, these dry, rocky hills were covered with growth (It has long since been chopped down for firewood, or in the case of saplings, nibbled away by goats.) As he ran, Speedy would have enjoyed occasional relief from the relentless September sun. We had none.

Second, Speedy was a member of a well-organized military force. By contrast, we were on one of the most hap-

hazardly assembled tours in the history of overseas travel. Instead of being housed near Marathon, as promised, we found ourselves 60 miles away in a hotel where a request for a second pot of butter could elicit a murderous snarl. Transportation to Athens never materialized. A "free" airport bus cost \$30. Departing Athens I was detained for half an hour at the Olympic Airways gate. I discovered only then that I had been secretly booked standby instead of with a regular fare ticket. At least Speedy knew where he was going and when.

In all other respects, however, we modern runners had the advantage.

The road on which we ran, for example, is as smooth and well maintained as any U.S. highway. Speedy, on the other hand, would have had to negotiate a rough, stony path because, according to Professor E. Badian of Harvard's history department, paved roads were all but unknown in 490 B.C. And contrary to a widespread jogger's myth, it is less tiring to run on pavement than on soft surfaces, even grass.

Unlike Speedy, we wore well-designed running gear. Our clothing was exactly right for the distance and weather. My shirt had such a wide mesh that it was more holes than fabric, the better to allow evaporative cooling. My shorts were featherweight nylon. While Speedy was almost certainly not burdened with heavy armor ("He would have been a damn silly Greek to run that way," Dean Miller, a professor of history at the University of Rochester, told me), he may well have worn the standard tunic, which would have been impossibly hot compared with present-day running garb. Let us hope he ran naked, like runners pictured on Greek vases of the period.

My shoes were lightweight racing flats no more burdensome than ballet slippers. Speedy wasn't so lucky. Soldiers of his time wore boots or sandals or else went barefoot. Professor Badian points out that much would have depended on whether he came from Athens or from the countryside, for while footgear was customarily worn in the city, rural folk often went shoeless. W. R. Connor, a Princeton classics professor, thinks it unlikely that Speedy wore sandals. "I'd hate to run 25 miles with a thong between my toes," he said. "I'd rather go barefoot." Of the authorities I consulted, only Professor Helene Foley of the Department of

Classics at Stanford thought Speedy might conceivably have worn boots—"especially if the trail was rough." Halfway to Athens, I felt an ugly blister working its way around the second toe of my right foot. I knew, however, that my predecessor had felt far worse. As I imagined his agony, his pain and my own began to merge, almost as if the intervening years had never existed.

Liquid was offered to us every few miles. No matter how unpalatable, it served to replace the fluids lost as we ran. Speedy was less fortunate. Few streams or rivers flow through the Attic landscape. Speedy might occasionally have begged a cup of water at a farmhouse along his route, but the supply would have been undependable at best. The scarcity of water is significant, because few problems that can beset a runner are more dangerous than dehydration.

We modern athletes were all at least passably well trained. Distance running is so common today that athletes know exactly how to prepare for a race. In training, marathoners rarely run fewer than 10 miles a day, and they combine long, easy runs with speed work that toughens them for the rigors of racing. In Speedy's day little was known about such distance training. The longest race in the ancient Olympics was only 4,800 meters. Professor Miller said, "Long-distance running per se just wasn't trained for." As I ran along, I thought of Speedy, his legs aching, his lungs burning, all because he didn't know the training routines that are considered rudimentary by present-day runners.

He may well have been hungry, too, and—especially toward the end of his run—weak. Most distance runners today follow the carbohydrate-loading technique, a pre-competition dietary practice that packs muscles with significantly more fuel than they ordinarily contain, and thus postpones exhaustion. Although Speedy's diet was probably high in carbohydrates such as grains and beans, it is unlikely that he would have eaten particularly well under battlefield conditions. Even if he didn't run non-stop, as modern marathoners do, but alternately ran and walked, he might very easily have suffered from hypoglycemia—low blood sugar—long before he was anywhere near Athens.

continued

Greek Ghost

continued

Finally, while we modern marathoners were running purely for the challenge of the race, Speedy would have had a quite different reason—one that, oddly, is rarely if ever mentioned in published accounts of his run. Consider what had happened that morning. After eight days of uneasy waiting in their encampment, the outnumbered Athenians had finally determined to attack. It was obvious that the battle would be significant, so significant that even Aeschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was there to record it. Feelings between Greek and Persian ran high. Earlier, the Persian ruler Darius had sent heralds to Athens, demanding submission and symbolic gifts of earth and water. Affronted, the Athenians flung the Persians into a pit, suggesting that they collect their own earth.

At dawn, therefore, the Athenians, 9,000 strong, thundered across the plain and swooped down on the Persians, who, it turned out, had chosen a weak position. By midday, 6,400 of them lay dead. If Herodotus, a shameless flag-waver for the Greek cause, is to be believed, only 192 Athenians lost their lives.

Yet even as they revelled in victory, the Athenians faced a crisis. The Persians, clambering into their ships in retreat, would now head southward and attack Athens itself. This surely is the main reason Speedy would have been dispatched, not just to carry word of the triumph. "Now he had an urgent message," Professor Connor told me. "It was 'The Persians are coming.'" The dust of battle was still settling as the Athenians packed their gear and began hurrying toward Athens, knowing that the Persians would soon be there. It is thus at least plausible that the Athenian force would have sent a courier ahead to warn the populace. If so, his run would have taken place under quite different conditions from those Kardong, Smead and the rest of us were experiencing. Speedy would have been running not just for a laurel wreath and a medal but for his capital's survival.

Under these circumstances, Speedy might well have run unwisely, going too quickly and neglecting to stop for water. In hot-weather races, I have often seen runners staggering from heat exhaustion as they try to reach the finish line despite the protests of their bodies. Even Kardong, an experienced internationalist, suffered from its early stages as he ap-

proached Athens. "I was on the verge of heat exhaustion," he told me at dinner that night. "I felt dazed and confused."

If Speedy did in fact die after delivering his message, I think I know what the cause was. In his poem *Phidippides*, Robert Browning attributes it to a heart attack ("Joy in his blood bursting his heart"), but that seems unlikely. Heart attacks, while not unknown in trained runners, are so rare as to be of negligible probability. No, it was almost certainly heat stroke, which can develop when an exhausted athlete pushes on despite phys-



ical warnings. "The only thing that can kill a healthy runner, other than cars and buses, is heat stroke," Dr. Ulflyot had said just before the marathon. "If you get dizziness or a headache you're in trouble. Stop running." In imagination, I see Speedy, confused just as Kardong had been and feeling a headache's first pulsing throbs, yet continuing nonetheless to push down the long road toward Athens and duty. I see him stumbling into the city and delivering, not his entire message—"Rejoice! We conquer! The Persians are coming!"—but only its first part.

But did Speedy die? I wonder. I was running the other day with a friend named Stephen Richardson. Speculating on the legend, Richardson spun out a not

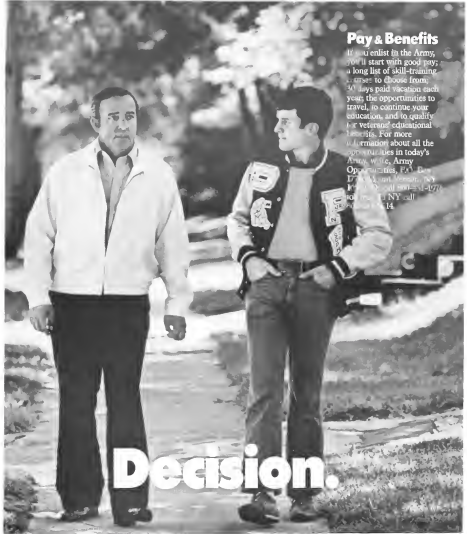
entirely fanciful scenario. What if Speedy merely collapsed? Furthermore, what if his collapse was observed by someone who, too impatient to find out what had really happened, rushed off to report the incident as the death of one of Marathon's heroes? The story is so movingly appropriate that any patriotic Athenian would have wanted to believe it. What would it have mattered if it weren't precisely true? Are all of our own patriotic legends literally true? After all, what counts in such legends is metaphorical truth, the capacity to bring a tear to the eye and make the heart beat faster.

Here, however, at the shadowy borderline between myth and reality, a more fundamental question asserts itself. Did Speedy (or Phidippides I or 2, or anyone else) really run at all on that September afternoon 25 centuries ago? I was nearly 20 miles into the race when I found myself irresistibly reflecting on the probabilities. Thus far the course had been mainly uphill. Suddenly I was at the crest. There, in the distant sunlight, the Parthenon glowed as hotly as a jewel atop the Acropolis. On the day of the Battle of Marathon, did an Athenian hemerodromos really glimpse that same Acropolis (on which the Parthenon would not be built until half a century later)?

Herodotus, the first to describe the battle, says nothing of such a courier. The story, Professor Badian had pointed out, doesn't appear until the first century A.D., in Plutarch. Badian called it "a piece of historical fiction to make a nice ending." Professor Miller had concurred. "It's an agreeable fiction," he said, "but a very unlikely one. The idea of sending a runner makes a marvelous story. But you'd never send a man if you had horses, and the Athenians almost certainly did have them."

As I ran at last into the historic marble stadium and toward the finish line, I laughed despite my fatigue. Suddenly it seemed ironically appropriate that this race was called the Spirit of Phidippides Marathon. For spirit, pure spirit, was all the marathoner's hero had probably ever consisted of.

Having finished the race, Chuck Smead, the winner in 2:31, said wearily, "Now I know why Phidippides died." It's even simpler than that. There is absolutely no reason to suppose he ever lived.



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Decision.

"Part of the decision is seeing how your parents will accept it. I had wanted more of a practical education, to go out and learn what life's about. I wanted to put myself in situations which would demand more of me. I started dropping hints to my Dad about the Army. I think he was against it at first. But when he found out the specific advantage to me — the chance to pursue my language studies — he came around. I had definitely decided where I wanted to go, but someone's approval always helps you open the door."

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Excellence in pursuing excellence

Dayton's Jim Paxson seeks perfection, but would settle for some recognition



The driven Paxson is a defender, driver, dunker

To Jim Paxson of the Dayton Flyers, there is a lot more to basketball than jumping, shooting and dunking. Oh, he can do all those things with considerable proficiency, but Paxson, a 6' 6" senior guard, is a cerebral player who puts even greater store in the little things that mean a lot. So, to cite some parallels that opposing coaches have made, Paxson plays defense like Jerry Sloan, looks for the open man like Bill Bradley and moves without the ball like John Havlicek. Dayton Coach Don Donohue says Paxson has more "court awareness" than any college player he has ever seen, and Paxson's father, also named Jim, who played for the Flyers and in the NBA, says his son's goal is simple if unattainable: "He wants to play the perfect game, and he won't be satisfied until he does."

Paxson has come close on a number of occasions, most notably late last season against Notre Dame. In a game that Dayton had to win to earn a bid to the NIT, Paxson hit on 11 of 17 shots, had eight assists, made three steals, had only one turnover and held high-scoring Duck Williams to only two points. The Flyers won 66-59, and the normally undemonstrative Paxson shocked Donohue by giving him a big hug. "I was smiling after that game, finally," says Paxson, "but usually I'm not that satisfied."

Indeed, Paxson is so "driven," as he puts it, by the quest for perfection that he invariably finds fault with himself, no matter what the statistics say. "When he has a bad game, or when we lose," says Donohue, "he gets so mad that he looks like he wants to duke himself out." But anger, like joy, is an emotion that Paxson almost invariably suppresses in public. Only once in his career at Dayton has he lost his self-control, and that came after a Chattanooga player had repeatedly pushed him around the floor. "I finally threw the ball at him," says Paxson. "I was sorry about it then, and I'm still sorry about it."

Because it distracts him, Paxson tries to eliminate emotion. "Most guys celebrate after they make a great play," he says, "but I don't, because I'm already concentrating on what's going to hap-

pen next. I always know the score, what offense and defense the other team is using, things like that." Paxson also husbands his energy, so that late in a game he has enough left to sprint past his man for easy—and often crucial—layups. Small wonder that this season Paxson as usual leads Dayton in scoring, with 23 points a game, as well as in assists and steals. "I see myself as a team player," he says. "I want to make everybody a better player and us a better team. That kind of feeling is inborn, I guess. That's the only way I can explain it."

Jim is the third member of his family to be a Flyer mainstay. His maternal grandfather, John L. Macbeth, was a wealthy insurance man who contributed generously to Dayton athletics. Last year, in fact, Paxson, a marketing major with a 3.4 average, won the Macbeth Trophy given to the team's outstanding student-athlete. His father and Donohue were teammates at Dayton in the early '50s before the elder Paxson left school to spend two years in the Army during the Korean war. He came back in 1955 to finish his education and in 1956 helped take Dayton to the NIT finals. Upon graduation, he was drafted by the Lakers and married Jackie Macbeth. After two years of pro ball, he came back to Dayton and eventually took over his father-in-law's insurance agency.

The oldest of five children, Jim began playing basketball almost as soon as he could walk. His father put a tiny hoop on a door and gave 8-month-old Jim a little ball to play with. From then until now, his father has been the dominant influence in Jim's life. "I always told him a good pass was as good as a shot," the senior Paxson says. "When Jim was in high school, we'd go scout a team together to see if it had a weakness. If it did, we'd talk about the weakness, and when Jim played that team, he'd go and make a basket off what we had talked about."

Jim grew up, both as a person and a player, when his parents sent him to military school in Maryland for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. "At first it was tough, being so young and being away from home, but I learned a lot of

continued

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leadership and responsibility," Jim says. By the time he graduated, Paxson was captain of the cadet corps, an honor student and an outstanding athlete.

During that time, something else happened that had a profound effect on young Jim. His father took him to a Cincinnati hospital to introduce him to Maurice Stokes, the NBA All-Star who had been paralyzed by a rare nervous disorder at the peak of his career. At the time Stokes became ill, he and Paxson Sr. were teammates on the Cincinnati Royals.

"Meeting Maurice taught me that there are more important things than basketball," Paxson says, "but it also showed me that if you have a God-given ability, then you'd be wasting something important if you didn't use it. I picked Maurice for my confirmation name, because you're supposed to pick a soldier image, somebody that gives you strength."

At Alter High, a Catholic school in the Dayton suburb of Kettering, Paxson didn't make the varsity until his junior season, but he blossomed into a star the next year, leading Alter to the state semifinals. Colleges all over the country pursued him, but he decided to stay at home. "I really believe he went to Dayton to please us," says his father. "We're a very close family, and when he had to make the choice, he did it for his family."

Paxson was a godsend to Donohue. Over the past decade or so, coaching at Dayton has become harder and harder. The Flyers get virtually no television exposure outside their home city, and their budget can't begin to compare with those of the Kentuckys and UCLAs. Donohue generally must make do with players whom the major powers either have overlooked or deemed not good enough. "It was critical that Jim come to Dayton," Donohue says. "He's earned our program for four years."

The senior Paxson has occasionally been critical of Donohue for failing to recruit the big man needed to make Dayton a national power. "If we had a good center," says the father, "it would make Jim a better player." However, few good big men have been interested in Dayton; some of those who did come did not stay. So Paxson has excelled in obscurity. During his career, Dayton has neither played in the NCAA's nor appeared on national television. The Flyers may well do both this year, which is important to Paxson's future because tournaments and television mean a lot when it comes

to recognition—and a pro contract.

Jim's brother John is one of the country's better high school guards. In attempting to recruit him, coaches like Notre Dame's Dagger Phelps are stressing Dayton's inability to provide Jim with national recognition. Last winter, as a junior, John led Alter to the Ohio AAA championship. He is five inches shorter than Jim, but is at least as sound in fundamentals. He has all but eliminated Dayton, and is leaning toward Notre Dame, Duke or North Carolina.

"In our area, Notre Dame and Marquette are the main independents, so they get all the national TV," says Jim. "That's what Notre Dame is using on John. Their subs are better known than I am. It will be John's decision, though. I think he's always wanted to go away. I think it's much tougher to follow a brother than a father."

Paxson says his studies and social life are important to him, but basketball is his passion. When he's not playing it, he thinks and talks about it. Last summer he ran and lifted weights to build up his strength and stamina. He also worked as a counselor at basketball camps in the East, testing his ability and honing his skills against top players from around the country.

Even though his personal statistics are excellent and Dayton is 5 and 2 after beating Cal Poly-Pomona, Miami of Ohio and Baldwin-Wallace last week, this season has been another frustrating one for Paxson. Dayton's new—and taller than usual—players have been slow to adapt to his sharp passes and to Donohue's motion offense. Paxson also has been nagged by a cold and a pulled Achilles. But he is still hustling after the perfect game with as much diligence as ever. He won't get it, of course, but he'd be willing to settle for a trip to the NCAA's and a chance to play on national TV.

THE WEEK

(Dec. 11-17)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Michigan State brought its Magic Act to North Carolina, but it was State's unbeaten record that vanquished The Spartans, who trailed by 12 points in the first half and by seven with 1:10 to go, closed to within one with 17 seconds remaining and seemed poised to pull the game out when they forced a turnover. But Jay Vincent's shot fell

short and the Tar Heels came out on top 70-69. Carolina sprang its upset by holding Earvin (Magic) Johnson to a slightly subpar performance—18 points, six assists, eight turnovers—by outbounding the Spartans 33-30 and by getting 18 points, six assists and 10 rebounds from Mike O'Koren.

Duke's Mike Givens got the best of Southern Cal's Cliff Robinson in a matchup of two of the nation's finest centers. Givens outscored Robinson 25-6, but was outboarded by him 14-8 as the Blue Devils beat the Trojans 79-65. Duke's Jim Sparnkel was typically scrappy, scoring 20 points despite suffering a gash in his forehead while scrambling for a ball in the early going.

Georgia Tech, which had just finished a break for exams, returned to action and passed tests against Biscayne (70-49) and Tennessee Tech (108-63) before flunking at East Tennessee State (86-76). The Buccaneers shocked Tech with 22 points from Scott Place and 29-of-32 free-throw shooting.

"I wish I could take the defense we played in the first half to my clinics. It was the best half of basketball ever played by any team I've coached." That was the appraisal of Rhode Island's Jack Kraft, now in his 18th season of coaching, following an 85-76 win over Brigham Young. During those first 20 minutes, the Rams kept the Cougars away from the basket with a 1-2-2 defense, shot 67%, forced 18 turnovers and built a 41-29 lead. Sly Williams had 21 points for the Rams, and John Nelson 20. Next time out, the Rams got 29 points from Williams and beat Manhattan 83-76 despite Jolo Wilkins' best.

BYU also lost 90-83 at St. John's, where the Redmen earned 30 of 33 foul shots and got a superb effort from Guard Reggie Carter, who set a school record by making 17 of 18 free throws (all in the second half) and established a home-court mark by pouring in 39 points. Earlier in the week, St. John's had been routed by Columbia 90-77.

Georgetown and Temple each ran its record to 4-0. The Hoyas trampled St. Mary's (Md.) 96-58. The Owls drubbed Navy 77-47, as Keith Parham had 20 points, and beat Villanova 66-58.

American University trimmed St. Mary's 105-87 and Delaware 77-68, with 6'5" Forward Ray Voelkel sinking all four shots in the first game and his first try from the floor in the next. Voelkel thereby broke the NCAA record for consecutive field-goal attempts without a miss, making it 25 in a row. This season, Voelkel has been successful on 27 of 29 shots, a shooting percentage of .931.

Dale Shackelford and Roosevelt Bouie each scored 19 points as Syracuse won 67-50 at Penn State, and North Carolina State was an easy winner over North Carolina-Wilmington, 75-51.

1. DUKE (6-0)
2. N.C. STATE (7-1) 3. SYRACUSE (6-0)
continued



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J Hansen—Lola Chevrolet, Wixom, MN



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Formula B
J Hansen—Lola Ford, Wixom, MN



D Production
T Brennan—Datsun, Danville, IL

MIDWEST Explaining why he had called three straight timeouts with five seconds to go against Long Beach State, Coach Jim Killingsworth of Oklahoma State cracked, "We were just trying to work in the radio commercials." What Killingsworth really had hoped to do with those time-outs was to intimidate Donnie Martin of the undefeated Forty Niners, who went to the foul line four times before he could get off a shot in a one-and-one situation with his team ahead by one point. When Martin finally was allowed to shoot he missed the first free throw. But teammate Michael Wilcy rebounded the ball, and Francon Wiese stuffed it in for a 94-91 Forty Niner victory.

Also vital to the Long Beach win were the 45 points scored by substitutes. Although down by six points early in the second half, Coach Tex Winter pulled all his starters. After the reserves cut into the deficit, the refreshed regulars returned to wrap up the victory. Two nights later, at Wichita State, the Forty Niners again had to struggle to remain unbeaten, coming from 10 points down in the first half, for a 91-88 victory in which Wilcy had 24 points and Martin 22.

Southern Methodist abandoned its usual running game against Kansas' whippets, led by one point midway through the second half, and then was done in by a pair of hot-headed subs. Booty Nantz and Brad Sanders came off the bench to combine for 10 points in five minutes and push Kansas to a 71-64 win.

Louisville creamed West Virginia 106-60 as four Cardinal guards teamed up for 44 points, 14 assists and 10 steals. Derek Smith, a freshman forward for Louisville, raised his field-goal-shooting percentage to .765 by sinking eight of 10 shots, while scoring 22 points in 18 minutes.

A 91-88 triumph over Old Dominion ran Virginia Tech's record to 5-0. Freshman Dale Solomon of the Gobblers scored 33 points.

With Larry Bird tossing in a school-record 48 points, Indiana State (8-0) coasted past Butler 100-71. Drake equalled its 1977-78 victory total with its fifth and sixth wins without a loss, topping California 86-83 and Memphis State 109-91 as Guard Wayne Kerkow popped in 69 points. Kerkow made 14 field goals in a row during one stretch and 19 of 22 overall against the Tigers and finished with 43 points.

1.KANSAS (5-1)

2.TEXAS A&M (6-1) 3.CREIGHTON (5-0)

WEST "The Aggies showed they can play any kind of basketball," said San Francisco Coach Don Bellemont after a 68-65 loss to Texas A&M in the championship game of USA's Golden Gate Invitational. "They can press, play four corners, shoot from every distance, divide the scoring and fight for those boards. We played our best

game of the season and lost." The Dons, who led 39-36 at halftime, lost largely because the Aggies wore them down with a collapsing zone and by going to a four-corner offense with a 55-54 lead and five minutes left. When A&M went into the delay, the Dons became overcautious and committed fouls. The Aggies turned them into five crucial points. The Aggies thus negated the distinguished play of USA's Bill Cartwright, who had 29 points, 16 rebounds and five blocked shots.

Before its slow-paced victory against San Francisco, A&M had won a pell-mell first-round game 101-99 from previously unbeaten Nevada-Las Vegas by outrunning the Rebels. In winning the first of their two big upsets, the Aggies got a total of 44 points and 42 rebounds from sophomores Rynn Wright and Verna Smith.

Having scored only 14 points and grabbed just 17 rebounds in UCLA's first four games, Center Gig Sims decided, "If I'm going to make the pros, I have to be more aggressive."

Muscling in against San Diego State, Sims nearly doubled his totals as he flipped in 14 points, snared 15 rebounds and blocked five shots. Two players that the pros are definitely interested in were also big guns in the Bruins' 97-73 victory. UCLA's Roy Hamilton scoring 23 points and David Greenwood contributing 21.

The Utah Classic was won by the host Utes, as tournament MVP Tom Chambers had a total of 44 points and 28 rebounds in two games. After knocking off Hofstra 81-72 in the opening round, Utah was a 64-57 winner over Idaho State, which had made it to the finals by jolting Georgia 66-56.

The University of Portland ran its record to 8-0 with an 82-66 victory over Cal State-Fresno, and Montana State won its seventh game in as many outings by defeating Puget Sound 83-80.

1.UCLA (4-1)

2.LONG BEACH STATE (6-0) 3.UNLV (5-1)

MIDEAST The way Ohio State Coach Eldon Miller figured it, "Probably the best thing that happened was that we got tired and took a little longer to shoot." Hasty first-half shots had the Buckeyes trailing Louisville 36-31 at halftime. From there on, firing Ohio State hit 67% as it shocked the Cardinals 85-69. Darrell Griffith had 28 points for Louisville, but Steve had several stars: Herb Williams (22 points), Mike Cline (12 points, four assists, five steals) and Todd Penn (nine points, six assists, three steals).

A tumultuous week at Indiana began with the diatribe Monday by Coach Bobby Knight of three players from the team and the placing of five others on probation for, said one of the dismissed players, smoking pot. In spite of the furor and a reduced roster, the Hoosiers jarred Kentucky 68-67 in

overtime on Saturday. Mike Woodson, one of those on probation, tossed in 27 points, sank a foul shot to send the game into an extra period and made two more free throws with five seconds left in O.T. to put Indiana in front 68-65. The Wildcats, who had averaged 99 points while winning their first three games, were thwarted by the relentless defense of the Hoosiers, who erected the game ranked fifth in the nation, having given up an average of 56.5 points.

A third Big Ten team to pull off an upset was Iowa, which clogged the middle against Iowa State and won 67-66.

Michigan State started first and Michigan came on strong at the finish as both clobbered Western Michigan. The Spartans, who led 56-18 at halftime, breezed to a 109-69 victory in which Ervin Johnson had 19 points, 14 assists and nine rebounds, and Jay Vincent chipped in with 27 points. Western trailed Michigan 43-41 at the half but then

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RYNN WRIGHT: The 6'6" Texas A&M forward scored 39 points and grabbed 30 rebounds as the Aggies took the Golden Gate Invitational by upsetting Nevada-Las Vegas 101-99 and San Francisco 68-65.

the Wolverines poured it on and came out ahead 104-73 as Mike McGee had 36 points.

Illinos, unbeaten in seven outings, zapped Kent State 82-64. The Illini, who lead the country in field-goal percentage defense, held State to 23% shooting. Illinos' main defensive cog is 6'11" Derek Holcomb—"The Incredible Hulk"—who has already equaled a school season record by blocking a total of 32 shots.

Big Ten teams were not the only ones to surprise more heralded squads. Mississippi dealt Nebraska a 79-67 setback, and Xavier of Ohio pulled off two shocks at the Volunteer Classic. With Nick Daniels scoring 24 points, the Musketeers downed Southern Cal 75-68 in the first round at Knoxville, and then a last-second shot from the corner by Gary Mowbray gave Xavier a 51-50 victory over Tennessee in the finale in which Daniels, the tournament MVP, had 22 points. The victories gave the Musketeers a 6-2 record. USC beat Niagara 75-63 for third place.

Evansville stopped Murray (Ky.) State 59-58 for its first win since the plane crash that took the lives of all of last season's team.

The Stephen F. Austin women's team won the Christmas Tournament at Columbus, Miss., by beating Valdosta (Ga.) State 78-65. Tennessee, which was ranked No. 1 nationally, was fourth, losing to Austin 69-60 and to Louisiana Tech 64-56.

1.NOTRE DAME (4-0)

2.SIU (5-0) 3.MICHIGAN STATE (3-1)

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by Edwin B. Kantar

North-South vulnerable
Dealer North



NORTH

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1NT	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Deuce of spades—East follows.

Your partner might have bid six no trump to protect his king of clubs, but he knows you play like a whiz and he wants to see you in action again. Ready?



SOUTH

East-West vulnerable
Dealer North



NORTH

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
5♠	PASS	7♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		PASS

Opening lead: Three of diamonds—East follows.

Plan the play.



SOUTH

North-South vulnerable
Dealer West



NORTH

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♥	PASS	1NT	2♠
PASS	PASS	3♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		PASS

Opening lead: King of hearts.

East began a high-low with the jack and ruffs the third round of the suit. East then shifts to a low club. Which club do you play?



SOUTH

Neither side vulnerable
Dealer South



NORTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	3♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	4♠	PASS

"Weak Jump Overcall"

Opening lead: Ace of spades.

Plan the play.



SOUTH



Henry Pratt

Neither side vulnerable
Dealer North



NORTH

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2NT	PASS
3NT	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Three of spades

East plays the ace and returns the four. West following with the deuce. How do you proceed?



SOUTH

Both sides vulnerable
Dealer West



NORTH

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: King of hearts

East plays the discouraging deuce at trick one and West shifts to the nine of clubs. East wins the long club; the ace of clubs and then with the ten of clubs. West following with the deuce and then the seven. Now what?



SOUTH

North-South vulnerable
Dealer South



NORTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
6♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: King of spades

Where do you go from here?



SOUTH

East-West vulnerable
Dealer South



NORTH

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	5♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: Jack of clubs

Some North players might have used for a slam, but even game is tricky. Right?



SOUTH

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The Answers



1		
WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ J2	♠ A1087	♠ 4
♥ 765	♥ QJ109	♥ 432
♦ 8762	♦ AQJ	♦ K1095
♣ AQ44	♣ K10	♣ J9832
2		
WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ QJ95	♠ A10876	♠ 4
♥ K187	♥ Q165	♥ 10962
♦ 3	♦ J10	♦ 87
♣ K77	♣ 986542	♣ 4

Long live trump leaders against slams. Now you have time to take both finessees. What you should do is draw trumps and play four rounds of hearts, discarding a club. Enter your hand with a trump and lead up to the king of clubs.

If the king loses to the ace, ruff the club return and take the diamond finesse. If this loses, c'est la guerre. But if West has the ace of clubs, your troubles are over, as the king is good for a diamond pitch. By playing this way you make the hand if West has either the ace of clubs or the king of diamonds. With a diamond lead you would have to guess which finesse to take. If you think West is being sneaky with the king of diamonds and no ace of clubs, you must take the diamond finesse immediately. If you don't think West would dare unlead a king against a player of your stature, rise with the ace, draw trumps, play four rounds

of hearts, discarding a diamond, and then run the queen of diamonds through East intending to set up the jack of diamonds for a club discard.

3		
WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ QJ95	♠ A10876	♠ 4
♥ K187	♥ Q165	♥ 10962
♦ 3	♦ J10	♦ 87
♣ K77	♣ 986542	♣ 4

Win the diamond lead and play a spade to the ace. If everyone follows, claim 13 tricks before you do something silly like taking a losing finesse.

Once everyone follows to the first spade, you can set up a long spade for your 13th trick. Ruff a spade high at trick two, enter dummy with a trump, ruff another spade, ace of hearts, heart ruff, ruff a third spade, ruff a second heart and use the two remaining spades in dummy to discard both queens.

The trap is not to play a second trump prematurely. You need all those dummy entries to set up the spades in case of a 5-1 division.

4		
WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ A1095	♠ J10743	♠ 52
♥ K1098	♥ Q85	♥ AQ2
♦ K1098	♦ AQJ	♦ 83
♣ Q76	♣ 98765	♣ J743
5		
WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ A1095	♠ J10743	♠ 52
♥ K1098	♥ Q85	♥ AQ2
♦ K1098	♦ AQJ	♦ 83
♣ Q76	♣ 98765	♣ J743

Were you worrying about which club to play? You should have been worrying about the king of diamonds.

The way to look at these kinds of problems is this: you have lost three tricks and even if you guess the club position correctly you are still going to lose a club trick. So to make the hand West must have the king of diamonds.

When you need a particular card in a particular place, assume it's there and then try to place the other cards.

So assume West has the king of diamonds; otherwise you're playing for practice. What does that leave East for his one trump response?

He has no honors in spades, one point in hearts, at most the jack of diamonds, so he must have the ace of clubs or else he wouldn't have been able to cough up a one no trump response.

Go up with the king of clubs. What a player you are!

continued

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BRIDGE QUIZ continued

4

WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ A J 10 6 4	♥ Q J 10 7	♠ Q 9 8 5 2
♥ K 6 5	♦ A J 4 3 2	♥ 9 8 7 3
♦ 10 7 6 5	♣ —	♦ 8
♣ —		♠ Q 6 5

Were you worrying about the queen of clubs? For shame. You should have been worrying about the king of hearts!

On this hand the only problem arises when West has the king of hearts—and clubs are 3-0. So we start by assuming West has the king of hearts—and that clubs are 3-0. Now what can we do?

Well, if West has all the clubs, we can always throw him in with the queen of clubs (after stripping the spades and diamonds) and force a heart return. So there is no problem when West has the clubs, but there could be trouble if East has the clubs. Therefore, to protect against this, ruff the spade and cash the ace of clubs. If East has the three clubs, finesse the club, draw trumps and take the heart finesse for seven.

If West has the queen of clubs, play a second club to the king, cash the king of spades, run the diamonds and toss West in with the queen of clubs. West will either have to play a heart or give you a ruff-shuff by leading a spade.

5

WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ Q J 8 7 2	♥ 7 6	♠ A 10 7 4
♥ 8 6	♦ A K J 10 9	♥ Q 10 9 5
♦ 7 6	♣ K J 1	♦ Q 8 5
♠ J 9 4 2		♠ 7 6

You must be careful because the opponents have the setting tricks once they gain the lead. But you start with eight tricks, so things aren't all that bad.

Your first move should be to test the clubs. If the suit breaks 3-3 or the jack drops early, your troubles are over. Assuming nothing that good happens, you must decide how to tackle the red suits to get the extra trick.

The general rule when you have two suits to play, both missing a queen, is play the ace-king of the longer suit and if the queen doesn't drop, take a finesse in the shorter suit. So play the ace-king of diamonds and then the king of hearts and a low heart to the jack.

6

WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ 6 4	♠ K 10 1 2	♠ Q 5
♥ A K 8	♥ Q 7 6	♥ 10 9 2
♦ A 7 6	♦ A J 2	♦ 8 5 4 3
♠ 9 8 7 2		♠ A K 10

Are you worrying about the queen of spades? When will you ever learn? Neither East nor West had enough to open the bidding, each has turned up with an ace-king combination, and one of them must hold the ace of diamonds. Get the picture?

The opponent with the ace of diamonds can't have the queen of spades or else he would have 13 high-card points. So find out who has the ace of diamonds. As there is no danger of a heart ruff (East's deuce denies a doubleton), play the king of diamonds.

If West turns up with the ace of diamonds, play East for the queen of spades and vice versa.

7

WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ K Q 10 7	♠ 10 8 5	♠ J 7 6 5 4
♥ 8 6 4 1	♥ A K Q J 8 5	♥ 10 7 5
♦ 7 6	♦ 5	♦ 8 5 5
♠ K 8 5		♠ 7 5

An entry, an entry, your kingdom for an entry. You just can't let a hand this pretty go down the tubes. At trick two lead a middle club, preferably the nine.

Assuming someone wins with the king and returns a spade, ruff—but not with the deuce. Enter dummy with the eight of clubs and run the eight of diamonds through East, playing the carefully preserved deuce so you can lead again from dummy.

This play works if East has Kx or Kxx of diamonds. Also, if you do sneak the nine of clubs by West, play the ace of clubs and ruff a club with the eight of diamonds. If clubs break 3-2, the most you can lose is the king of diamonds.

The alternative play of leading a middle diamond at trick two, with the idea of using the eight of diamonds as an entry to finesse the clubs, is inferior because it requires the king of diamonds to be singleton or doubleton, whereas the recommended play works if the king of clubs is either doubleton or tripleton.

continued

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BEST-SELLING SMALL CAR IN AMERICA



Rise and shine. In other words play your ace of clubs at trick one. If West

8	NORTH		
	♠ J	♥ KQJ4	
	♦ 10733	♠ 10733	
	♣ AQ3		
EAST			
♠ K842	♦ Q97653	♥ 7653	
♥ A1098	♠ Q		
♦ 4	♣ K8		
♠ J1096			
SOUTH			
♠ A10	♥ J		
♥ 7	♦ A K J 9 6 5		
♠ 7432	♣ 7432		

has the king of clubs he will have it later as well, but if East has the king there are at least three good reasons for playing the ace.

1) If the king is singleton, finessing allows East to win and perhaps put West in with the ace of hearts to get a club ruff coming back.

2) East may have the ace of hearts, in which case playing the ace of clubs insures the contract. Draw trump and lead a heart. If East has the ace of hearts he will be helpless. He will either have to cash the king of clubs or watch you discard two clubs on the established hearts.

3) East may have a doubleton king of clubs and West the ace of hearts, which is the case here. The best West can do when you lead a heart is rise with the ace and play the 10 of clubs. You cover with the queen and East, having no more clubs, must surrender the balance of the tricks.

The ace-queen combination is frequently a mirage. The queen doesn't necessarily have to be played the first time. It's often the correct move to win the ace and retain the queen as a potential stopper.

With this particular layout, had you played the queen at trick one, East would win and return a club. Now West has the setting club trick upon winning the ace of hearts. **END**

The Rating Game

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Who wrote this? Len Deighton? Agatha Christie? John le Carré? No, it's from *The Burglary was for the Birds* by Robert Cantwell in *Sports Illustrated*, where the suspense of sports is not wholly confined to the playing fields.

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The Good Fight--For



102 Years

Born a century ago, Fred Moore has partaken joyously of what life and sport have offered, and like a good athlete he has always gotten up after a knockdown. His grandson, the marathoner, tells his story

by **Kenny Moore**

CONTINUED

The Good Fight

continued

To [the old] all the past is not a diminishing road, but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottleneck of the most recent decade of years."

—William Faulkner, *A Rose for Emily*

At Christmas, one need not be aged to wander that meadow. This is a time, inevitably, whether one is alone or tossed about in family gatherings, for reminiscence. And sometimes what begin simply as sparkling, well-turned stories, random in their selection, may coalesce, if one is lucky, into a sense of a life, a gift of character.

I have a grandfather, Fred Moore, who was born on New Year's Day 1877, less than 12 years after Lincoln was shot. My generation of the family has always called him Grandad, with its connotations of whiskey and vigor. I met him when I was eight and he 75. At that time he lived in Portland, Ore. and acted as caretaker for the house and grounds of an elderly lady. During late-summer harvest, forced to choose between saving a handful of ripe plums or grabbing a branch to steady himself, he inexplicably clung to the plums and fell 22 feet to earth, breaking his back in two places. My first clear memory of him is his arrival home from the hospital six weeks later. He walked from the car upright and proud, batting away the assisting arms of my aunts and uncles.

"Of course I'm all right," he said in answer to my question. "Just you sue me one in the stomach and see how tough I am yet."

My timid little punch brought my knuckles against a full-torso cast beneath his starched shirt. For a moment, as he roared with delight, I stumbled back in awe. Here was a man as hard as brick.

He was told to wear his cast for a year and a half. But he kept a penknife beside his bed and in the evenings whittled away a bit of plaster here and there, "to get at the itches." In six months he had only a little vest remaining. The doctors, not for the first or last time, grashed their teeth and fitted him for a brace. A theme of his life had been played out in this episode. He had transformed a dumb mistake

into a triumph by raw strength and energetic healing. This has been going on for 102 years now, through dozens of sports and labors and injuries and illnesses, this rage to keep his body his own.

I remember Grandad at Christmas, remembering. My family lived in Eugene, 110 miles south of Portland, and he would visit. After tramping the neighbors' sodden backyards, stealing the year's last walnuts, he spoke of his own boyhood. He was one of nine children of Samuel and Elizabeth Moore, born on their fruit and vegetable and turkey farm in Columbia, Pa., in Lancaster County. He left school after the fourth grade, and there followed years of farm work, but he omitted those. The stories were of him and his brother Archie astride two horses, each with a foot on each rolling back, galloping down the lane, scaring hell out of the Amish neighbors. "We had to make our own fun," he said. "We had a cross-buck sheep, a ram, and we trained him from a baby to butt. Sundays all the neighbor boys would make a ring, everybody facing out, everybody blindfolded. When the sheep was put in the circle, he'd knock someone down, o' course. Then the boy who was butted got to aim the sheep. Sundays ended in fights sometimes."

There was a game in which 20 boys brought nickels and put them in a coffee can, which was buried. "One was a fox," Grandad said, "and the others were hounds. The fox got a horn and a five-minute head start. He had to blow the horn every five minutes and stay within a radius of five miles. If he got back to that can, he got the dollar. If a hound caught him, he got it and he'd be the fox the next time." These chases could run all day and past sundown into the night, when the premium was on knowing the secrets of the 78 square miles of fields and woods and Susquehanna River bank that might be covered. "Oh, I was a fine fox," said Grandad. "I'd lay in the weeds and they'd run right by. I'd blow the horn out one way and then I'd run back the other."

When he was eight (in 1885), Grandad had a toothache, the first of many. "We had an old Civil War soldier about the place and he took notice of my crying. He cut a sliver from his plug of tobacco and made a little ball and put it on the cavity, and the pain went away. Now after a while I put my tongue back there, and thanks I, 'Why, that's sweet.' It wasn't long before I had a toothache all the time. The old soldier saw through it and wouldn't give me more. So I got into his pants when he was asleep and with a sharp knife I cut my own." When Grandad was 12, his father, reading in the parlor, looked out the window and saw him accept a wad of tobacco from a friend. "He hailed me in and said, 'Son, you done that with a manner of experience. How long have you chewed?'

"'About four years,' I said.

"'Four years?' He said if I'd gone on that long there wasn't a chance of stopping me, so he just warned me al-

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED OTNES



The Good Fight

continued

ways to be gentlemanly about it and pay some mind to where I would spit."

We now calculate that Grandad has gone through 18,800 packages of Beech-Nut, or about a boxcar full. "It has kept me healthy," he says. "Not a germ can pass my throat."

When I was 11, my father bought a cottage on the wooded shore of Dexter Lake, a new reservoir then filling on the Willamette River, 20 miles from Eugene. Grandad came to rid the land of its mounds of blackberry and poison oak. From then on I saw him often and spent summers at the cabin.

He was an elemental man. My mother disapproved of his housekeeping. Floors were acceptable to him dusty, glasses cloudy, tables becrumbed. He fell onto the furniture so heavily it cracked. He watched china mugs disintegrate in his hands.

He cleared tons of slash and debris from the property, frightening the little community of Lowell with the spectacular fires he built of it, until our lot was a deer park compared to the wilderness of the neighbors. He put in rhododendrons, a garden, flower beds, a gravel path. And through it all there was a bearlike roughness, as if after 78 years he still had not developed the skills to go with his strength. Time and again he fell in the lake, either stumbling in after hurling a log from shore, or pitching over his rowboat's outboard motor as he reached to free the propeller of weeds, or, falling asleep on the dock in a collapsible lawn chair, collapsing with it into the evening waters. Each time he would surface snorting and would calmly sidestroke in a wide circle, perhaps trying to imply some purpose to his dive, or taking full advantage of this unexpected chance to swim.

When my younger brother Bob and I summered at the lake, we were drawn into Grandad's routine. Before breakfast we would set out in the rowboat, powered by the tiny, temperamental outboard that would usually die in mid-lake. Having administered skips and kicks to no effect, Grandad would pull out the oars and we would row on, trailing spinners and worms and the occasional dark patch of tobacco. When we reached the far side, we pulled the boat onto sharp black rocks and carried our fish—in its first years, the lake yielded several trout per crossing—across a highway and into a tavern, where the bartender would fry them for our breakfast, serving them with sausages poached in beer. There were sometimes words from the management about children in the tavern, but Grandad always said, "Those kids are with me and they ain't hurtin' nawthin'" with such indignant righteousness that action never was taken.

After Grandad concluded breakfast with a boilermaker, we fished on home. These returning journeys, with the sun on our backs and dizzying green eddies swirling behind the oars, were times to listen to Grandad talk of his youth, of being moved by an urge to get out and see the world, a need that would swell into a driving wanderlust. It seemed that his means to broad experience were two: fighting and selling.

"I was always sellin'," he said. "I sold all our market pro-

duce. When I was 15 I sold 39 gallons of oysters a week. I got them at the express office for 75¢ a gallon and sold them around Columbia for \$1.20. I learned how to make six gallons out of five by adding milk and broth. And I sold the convent in Columbia a gallon every Friday." This he said with the satisfaction of having had an unfair advantage, a cartel.

The fighting also started around home. "My dad wouldn't let us work on the farm in the heat of the day, so he taught us how to box under the chestnut tree. Then later when I was weaving silk in Paterson, New Jersey, I took boxing and wrestling lessons with a professor at the YMCA. I'm a left-handed man, and a left-handed man has it easier in fights." This left-handed man had a lot of fights. "I boxed in smokers in Paterson and Pittsburgh and all the little towns. I wrestled at carnivals, challenging the carnival man, and, mostly, I won. I was quick and agile and I liked to surprise people." I could vouch for that. When I brought two pairs of boxing gloves up to the lake when I was 14 and he was 81, he jubilantly bloodied my nose with his first sneaky right-hand lead.

In my mind, the fighting and selling are connected. They were both an expression of Grandad's inherent qualities. Selling, he was always the demonstrator, the reasonable man doing a favor for the buyer. In fights, he was never the aggressor, or could not bear to describe himself so. Fights, in the selling, were always forced upon him by eager, cost-holding brothers, or by hotheaded friends who dragged him to their defense. "In New Jersey I was going to see a girl up to Summit, and in the saloon there Big Alec the loomfixer stood up.

"Moore, I hear you throwed the Armenian."

"Yep, I did."

"Well, so did I. We got to wrestle."

"No. I'm going to see my girl. These are new trousers."

His brother Archie appeared, to hold Grandad's shirt, indemnify his trousers against damage and take bets.

"So I throwed Big Alec twice. And then he was hot and wanted to fight in the streets. And I couldn't get my shirt back from Arch because the bets were going higher. I liked that girl, but I missed her that night, with my knuckles all stove in."

He liked a lot of girls. When he was 20, he went to Carlisle, Pa., where in later years he would watch Jim Thorpe play football. "I wove the first piece of silk made in the mill there. It was downtown in the big store, with my name up alongside it." In Carlisle he met Gertrude Lloyd, a girl of delicate features and glossy chestnut hair. "She had sisters who died of consumption," said Grandad. "She said to me, 'Let's wait five years. If I haven't got consumption by then, we can marry.'"

Grandad's reply was characteristically blunt. "Five years?" I said. "I ain't going to stick around here that long." They corresponded, and he went back to Carlisle three years later, to bury her after she, too, had died of tuberculosis. Still later, he named his first son Lloyd, after her.

In February of 1898, when Grandad was 21, the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor and the Spanish-American War began. "I went down to Philadelphia to

continued

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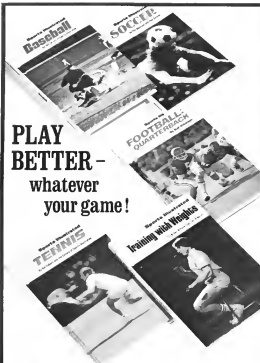
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The Good Fight

Continued

enies, but my teeth turned me down," said Grandad. "I thought, well, they won't be so particular in the South." So began an odyssey through freight yards, railroad camps, barges and boiler rooms that was to last only four years but took many like crossings to tell to his grandsons.

"First, I had all my teeth pulled out. I got to New Orleans and the doctor said, 'Why you're as sound a young buck as I ever seen, but I've got to look in your mouth,' and it turned out they were just as particular as in Philadelphia."

The war was over in August, so he settled for riding a pony and delivering messages between railroad bosses as the Louisville & Nashville land track into Knoxville. "It was rough in them camps. I saw a colored man killed by a working boss and not a word said. I got out of there." He stamped the "Ivory" on bars of Ivory soap in Ivorydale, Ohio for 19¢ an hour. "I got the bars stacked up way ahead of the packers. The foreman said, 'We're taking your helper away and giving you a raise to 23¢.' " That seemed a speed-up tactic to Grandad, or so he said as a pretext for leaving. He slung hash on the pocket up the Ohio from Cincinnati. In Pittsburgh he worked at what would be his life's real labor, the heating of iron and steel, but the wanderlust still surged in him. In 1900, when he was 23, the largest ship in the world, the *Deutschland*, put into Hoboken, N.J., and much of her crew deserted. Grandad signed on.

"That ship was 662 feet long and had four stacks and 56 boilers. I was a fireman, a stoker. The boilers were so big they had a fire on each side. I had to splice fire, keep a high fire on one side of the boilers, a low fire on the other." He worked four hours on, eight off. "A boy with a bucket came around and gave us a drink of whiskey an hour after we went down, and again an hour before we came up." There were a number of fights between the German and American factions, Grandad having to flatten a few heads with his shovel, but enough steam was kept up to drive the ship to England in five days and seven hours, a record crossing. "We carried 50 first-class, 2,250 second-class and 800 steerage passengers," said Grandad. "The rich ones passed a hat and collected \$5,000 as a prize for the crew. None of that reached

the hotel room, you understand."

There were compensations, such as a week in Hamburg. It is his recollection that he was there when Kaiser Wilhelm deployed his troops before Theodore Roosevelt in Berlin.

"Ted," said William, "What do you think?"

"William," said Teddy, "If I had an army like that, I could stand off the world." Of course Teddy was just being polite. How was he to know the fool Kaiser would go and believe him?

Grandad, quizzed by tender grandsons, was vague about exactly how he spent his time in Germany. He tended to roll his eyes and say only, "There were six blocks of concert-hall saloons in Hamburg. And could those German girls drink? *Hoi yoi yoi!*"

The Hamburg-American line hired a full German crew for the return voyage, so Grandad did kitchen duty. He stepped ashore freed of foreign cravings, ready to go to work and raise a family.

When I was 13, I hunted with my grandfather. I walked through the Oregon uplands ahead of him, carrying a 16-gauge shotgun loaded with No. 6 shot, for pheasants and squirrels. My instructions on seeing a deer were to lie down flat in a hurry because Grandad brandished a double-barreled 12-gauge loaded with solid lead slugs. We never saw a deer, which saved me, as I surely would have stood transfixed before the muzzle of that elephant gun, and Grandad, inflamed with buck fever at 80, surely would have let loose.

Because my father had told me of his hunting with Grandad, these times seemed to have a certain resonance, the echo of generations. "Dad hunted rabbits around Pittsburgh," my father had said, "and we ate rabbit often. We took walks, hunting mushrooms, collecting May apples and poke and dandelion greens; and one of us always carried the old single-shot .22. Once, walking, Dad took my shoulder and said, 'Look, there's a rabbit.' I peered into the thicket he was pointing at, but I couldn't see any rabbit. He carefully described the limb I was to follow, the twig, the leaf that was just above the rabbit's ear, and told me to aim just below there. I fired twice, and nothing moved."

"You missed," he said.

"Of course I missed, because there's no rabbit there."

continued



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The Good Fight

continued

"Shoot again."

"'Can't. No more shells.' I started into the thicket to show him he was just looking at a lump of sod, but he held me and took a quarter out of his pocket.

"Run down to McKees Rocks and get some more.' So he sat down and chewed tobacco and watched while I ran the two miles to McKees Rocks and got the cartridges and ran the two miles back. And when I shot again, a rabbit came kicking out of there and died at our feet.

"Don't tell me about rabbits," he said."

Just such a story leave an impression of coldness, my father always added that Grandad was a gentle man. I, in turn, wondered at his choice of words. "He loved flowers and growing things," my father said. "He kept our vases filled with roses. He always wore a boutonniere."

"But he destroyed the plants in picking the tomatoes," I said. "The rose in his lapel was torn from the neighbor's bush."

"But the thought, the gentleness," said my father, a good son, "was in his mind, anyway."

At one time I believed that my grandfather had stolen my grandmother from her adopted family in Tennessee. The misapprehension arose from complaints I heard my grandmother, Della Clark Moore, voice when I was small. In fact, though it was clearly a crazy match, she had come North with him of her own will. "But she was the essence of a Southern girl," says her first daughter, my aunt, Vivian Bristol. "The tragedy of my mother was that she was totally naive and protected, without formal education. When she was swept off her feet by this handsome, traveled, hugely energetic man—my father—she simply couldn't know what she was getting into." They were married in Pittsburgh on Dec. 23, 1904. "She was horrified at the life in the mills, the fighting, the drunkenness," says Aunt Vivian. "She would have left in a week if she'd had a place to go."

Instead, she produced a family of three girls and two boys, the youngest of whom was my father. Grandad is revered by his children, who remember him as a powerful presence in times of crisis. "During the great flu epidemic of 1918-19, my mother and four of the kids were deathly ill," said my father. "He spent his days nursing us, taking us back and forth to the hospital. He had his own

aids for our recovery—a mixture of onion juice and coal oil was one—and his instructions were not quite orders. 'Drink this! Hold this on your chest! Now go to sleep! If he wasn't gentle, he was deeply concerned.'"

Where Grandad had once settled only lightly into an employer's bondage, he now shouldered responsibility.

"I worked in 35 different rolling mills, East and South," he said, "but after I had a family I'd only leave when the mill shut down. I was never out of work." The family made Pittsburgh home but lived in many houses.

Grandad's craft was puddling iron, now a lost art. He stood before a furnace containing 600 or 1,000 pounds of molten, impure iron. The melting point of impure substances is lower than that of pure ones. At about 2,800° "the iron was like water," he said. As the sulphur and phosphorus burned away, and the carbon was reduced, the melting point rose and the iron began to solidify. "When it started to muck up, it thickened to butter." Working through a hole in the furnace door with a long rod ending in a paddle blade, Grandad divided the iron and rolled and packed it into two or three 300-pound globs.

"At ready heat, you opened the doors of the furnace and grabbed a ball with the tongs," said Grandad. These were 18 feet long, suspended by a chain from a hand-operated trolley. Gripping the medicine-ball-sized sphere of glowing, dripping iron, he ran and danced at the end of the long, counterweighted tongs through the mill to the squeezer, a machine shaped like a huge coffee grinder, which pressed the glob into a billet. If he had allowed any air bubbles to be trapped in the iron, he found out here as they exploded under the squeezing pressure, blowing fragments and sparks through the mill. "You got to duck your head," Grandad said, "you shake it off." Nonetheless, my father told of seeing Grandad home from his 10-hour shift with his shirt burned from his back, my grandmother using tweezers to pick bits of beaded iron from the flesh, muttering softly as she dropped them into Grandad's coffee-can spittoon.

Grandad worked 43 years in the steel mills, puddling, reheating billets for rolling and, during both World Wars, heat-

ing artillery shells. No part of him was unaffected by the mills. Perhaps he is here now because of the cardiovascular strength built and maintained by years of straining before the hearth, running with sweat, gasping that smoky air. Yet at present he is threatened by the natural habits adopted to cope with such a life. For almost half a century he salted his food as if he were throwing Parmesan cheese on spaghetti. Now the salt he loves causes fluid to collect in his lungs, straining that once-great heart. The steel mills made him deaf, and in his conversational shout I always hear the under-roar of the furnaces. He was hardened, too, and made fatalistic by the mills' danger. He saw men die. He once told of watching two dozen workers engulfed by a catastrophic spill of tons of liquid steel, men wallowing in a flaming river. "Some of 'em went down and raised up to their knees again, and then they fell and they were gone." When the steel cooled, the entire slab was buried.

The mills were unionized during Grandad's first decades of laboring. He was a union man, but was not caught up in the theory of collective bargaining. He was caught up in the fights. "The strikes in McKees Rocks were the worst. The scabs came in to take our jobs. You had to fight. Those Westerners came in, broke the strike. You had to always keep up your guard. I had a nephew, Cleon Burch, he was always keyed up, on edge. In a saloon on the west side Cleon ragged some big guy, a black-sheep s.o.b. who said he was a puddler. He went for Cleon and I was in the way. He said to me, 'Are you a puddler, too?'

"'I am, and I work in a union mill,' I said. 'I don't want to fight, but you ain't going to beat this boy up.' We went outside and he hissed off and I hit him a quick uppercut and knocked him down, knocked him cold on the concrete. Cleon dragged me away, and I went home to Duquesne Heights, and I couldn't sleep that night, but the next day I asked around, and it turned out he just had a fractured skull."

Grandad loved to be in the right and he loved to fight, and he used the one to do the other. "Dad was always a fighter for causes," my father said. "He used the code, the idea that fighting in self-defense, or to save Cleon's bacon, was all right." In truth, Grandad was capable, in his role of defending angel, of good-

continued

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The Good Fight

continued

ing his victims beyond endurance. "He did tend to arrange his fights," said Aunt Vivian. "The justifications were sometimes pretty thin." My father remembers Grandad saying, "The guy hit his own woman, so o' course I sloughed him." Had he asked the guy, my father still wonders, whether he had stopped beating his wife?

When the mills were closed by strikes or, later, by the Depression, Grandad, scornful of WPA work, fell back on selling. He sold anything he could lift, but his talents were especially suited to the purveyance of steel wool. "I paid 19¢ a pound for steel wool and got 75¢ a pound. And boy, I'd sell. I had to demonstrate, and when a sensible person saw what steel wool would do when I demonstrated, he couldn't buy enough." It helped, too, that most of his prospective customers were women, around whom Grandad has always been galvanized into soppy flattery. "In Pittsburgh, of course, all the brass doorknobs were black, from corrosion and soot. I'd ask the lady if I could clean her doorknob and I'd just fold that steel wool on there and do one casual quick wipe [using the several hundred pounds of pressure with which he gripped the puddler's rod]. Why that brass would gleam. I'd remind the lady of the uses she could put it to, the black pots that would shine, the stained floors that would be brand-new wood."

His imagination sometimes took flight, as when he sold steel wool to a man in a bar on the solemn promise that it would cure baldness. "They said he came in a few days later shouting for my blood. Said the scabs was something awful." Thus there was another code that Grandad took full advantage of: career empiror.

Consumer laws were idle daydreams then, but most municipalities insisted on peddlers' licenses. Grandad regarded these as insulting impositions. "I was arrested 10 times," he said. "I talked my way out of nine of 'em. The magistrates always treated me right. Some bought some steel wool themselves." Once he shined the tarnished brass fixtures of a courtroom while waiting for his case to be called. "But one time, the mayor of the town was a woman. She hit me with a \$2.50 fine. The men always treated me right."

Christmas with Grandad up at the lake seemed, as Keats said poetry should strike

the reader, "almost [as] a remembrance." Surely this was because my father had inherited Grandad's sense of occasion. My Christmases as a child always had oranges on the tree and recollections of how it had been in Pittsburgh. "It was always cold," my father said, "and we kids were sent off to bed on Christmas Eve without there being a sign of a tree or present. But in the morning there would be an enormous fir tree, with not many ornaments but lots of oranges and apples jammed in the branches. You could never get around the back of it. The top had been lopped off and it was held up with ropes and wires. Sometimes it was steady and sometimes it wasn't." Grandad's trees still were that way 45 years later. "I happened to be at the trolley stop," my father recalled, "when a streetcar opened its doors and a tree came out. It was 14 feet tall and beneath it was my father. The streetcar was packed with people, most of them hollering. How he had the guts to force that tree on at rush hour I can't imagine."

My father swam and dived for the Langley High School team and ran cross-country, finishing eighth in the 1932 city championships. The first time Grandad saw his daughter Wilma swim, she won the Pittsburgh city championship in the 100-yard freestyle. In 1932 Wilma finished second behind Lenore Knight in the Pennsylvania qualifying for the Olympic Trials, but couldn't afford to travel to New York City to try out for the team. "He encouraged us in sport," said my father, "but not with pressure or what you would call intense interest." Not the way he would have if the sports had been those of combat.

In 1917, at age 40, he tried to join up for World War I. "I think it took nerve to try to enlist with five children," Aunt Vivian said recently. "Well, I told them I only had two," Grandad explained, and added with a disgust carried across 60 years, "They wrote me a letter saying to 'hold myself in readiness.'"

Aunt Vivian, as curious as the rest of the family about the roots of his disposition to engage an enemy, any enemy, asked why he was so eager to serve in that war. "Why, I wanted the experience of a soldier," Grandad replied. "Everybody wanted to wear a uniform then days."

Grandad worked in the Pittsburgh mills until 1947, when he was 70. Then,

on the urging of his children, most of whom had moved West, he came to Portland, where he took a job as a watchman in a boiler works. By then he and my grandmother were long separated. Besides the broken back, he endured a saga of arthritis, which stiffened all his joints. There was, and is, something of the medieval concept of scourge in Grandad's view of disease or affliction. The invader must be driven out. So, grim and sweating in his room, which he'd heated to 100°, he worked his hands up the wall as far as he could reach, first to his shoulders, then his head, clawing a little higher each day. For hours he squeezed rubber balls in his gnarled hands. Gradually, at great cost, the arthritis eased, astonishing the doctors. Grandad then uttered the phrase that would become the traditional pronouncement of a cure: "I hear that rap."

If there seems a disturbing fixity to these stories, a false clarity achieved by ignoring the reader's natural questions about what moved this man, it comes about because the stories were told by Grandad himself, and thus shorn of motive. He simply told what he did, and put a good face on it. But after he moved to the lake cabin, I was present occasionally to watch the working of his mind, to see things unfilttered.

He seemed always attracted to his opposite. Clearly this was true in his choice of a wife, and I saw it again as he charmed the many elderly widows of Lowell. His favorites were invariably the most religious, the most easily embarrassed, the most domestic. One late summer day, when the blackberry wine was foaming in its keg, Grandad called me from the house. "Trouble," he said, pointing at one full-skirted woman coming from town bearing a pie, while there advanced from the direction of the lake another carrying bread. I had to run out to the first woman, accept the pie and say Grandad was standing stark naked in the bathtub but he'd be over shortly to thank her properly. He took care of the second. "Look, kid," he said when he had a moment, "make sure you stick a piece of adhesive tape on the bottom of these pans and put the right widow's name on each one. Ain't polite to return the wrong pan."

When he was 80, Grandad took his

continued

The Good Fight

continued

first spin around the lake on an aquaplane. Attempts at water skiing followed. He never really rose to the surface, but doggedly refused to let go of the tow rope even after his skis and baggy swim trunks had been ripped away by the rush of water. I remember the double take of a neighbor as a nude torpedo shot across his bow.

In his personal appearance, Grandad was often comically vain. On fishing trips, when my father and his friends grew beards, Grandad shaved daily, bending over icy streams or trailing a wake of lather behind the boat. For 85 years he has used buttermilk as an aftershave lotion, and beams when visitors tell him he doesn't look a day over 70. In fact, my father first explained the concept of vanity to me with specific reference to my grandfather. So the term, or the failing itself, has always carried with it a trace of the forgiveness we grant the elderly.

Grandad has played on this. "He's made a career out of his age," says my father, and nowhere more than in his poetry, which is terrible, and which everybody encourages nonetheless since he didn't begin writing it until he was in his 70s. "*I am a daisy/I am a pet/I walk in the rain/and never get wet./The girls they all love me/the boys they all say/There goes Fritz Bumanick/From Columbia, P.A.*" is a sprightly example. Others, trite and sappy, are far less forgivable. It was horrible how the widows melted before them. If they didn't, he could follow with violin music—he played a soulful *Red River Valley*—or ear-splitting shrieking on a lilac leaf.

When he was 82, Grandad took a year away from the lake to work as caretaker of Emerald Park, near our home in Eugene. One afternoon, walking through the park on my way home from school, I noticed a gaggle of widows on the lawn, wailing. Drawing nearer, I saw an overturned rotary mower, a boot cut nearly in half and great russet stains in the grass. "He's killed himself," cried one of the most excitable. "He's crawled away to die." But the bloody trail led not to his corpse but to the house and telephone, the book opened to the hospital's number. "He sure can bleed," said the emergency-room doctor. No major nerves were severed, and the muscles and tendons healed within the year.

Grandad's father had lived to 89, his mother to 91. In 1961, when he was 84, he traveled by bus back to Columbia for a reunion with three brothers and a sister. Their aggregate age was 413 years. He was the most vigorous of this long-lived family, but, inevitably, Grandad began to experience the trials of real age. Having been a voracious reader of Western pulp and the *National Geographic*, he was stymied by a cataract when he was 87. "There is a beginning of a second one on your other eye," said the doctor, "but it will be 10 years before that one will occlude the pupil. You won't be around by then, so we won't operate on that side." Ten years later, when Grandad needed the second operation, the surgeon himself had died.

In his late 80s he had trouble with what he called his "prostrate gland," and went to see the doctor to discover why he couldn't urinate. He watched as a catheter was run up the urethra to clear a passage. Then he went out and bought a similar tube and used it himself, keeping it, when not in need, wrapped around his hipbone. "Finally," he said, "I had 'em run me out in there." At 97 he had surgery for removal of his gall bladder (which, when placed on the tray by the surgeon, fell to pieces). That scar, above his hipbone, which he unashamedly displayed, looked two years old when I saw it six weeks later. That was also the year Grandad took part in his last barroom fight, knocking over a mugger in the men's room of a Burnside Street dive in Portland.

Grandad has always followed sport, and it has always been a showcase for his quixotic stubbornness. Despite taking a beating betting on Woody Hayes bowl teams, he wagers on, undaunted. At 95, he leaned over the rail as I warmed up before the 1972 Olympic marathon trials. "How many racers are there in this, anyway?" he asked.

"About a hundred."

"A hundred? Why, you ain't got no chance."

The pleasure of tying with Frank Shorter for first was thus immeasurably enriched by Grandad's astonishment. "I didn't think you could do it, kid," he said. "But it's good you can run, because you sure can't box."

Grandad's remaining participant sport

is pool, and he has a table in the basement of Aunt Vivian's house in Portland, where he now lives. He beats me about four games out of seven. When a reporter from the Portland *Oregonian* interviewed him a few days before he turned 100, Grandad either beat him so badly or rubbed it in so cruelly that the score did not appear in the paper.

I remember a conversation we had just before that 100th birthday, when I sought to warn him against the letdown that might follow. "I know, I know," he said. "All these geezers, they get to a hundred and the next morning they croak. Well, don't you fret none about me. I'm going for 110."

It gets harder for him. I have heard him on mornings when he has fluid in his lungs, when he has had to pop a nitroglycerine pill to relieve the pain of his angina. "It's rotten, getting old," he said.

Now that he has gotten old, and enjoyed it, and played on it, sometimes Grandad asks whether he has not overdone it. "All my old friends are dead," he says. At such times one wishes to set down for him the value of his life to the rest of us. Through sheer age he has invested himself with a remarkable power as an exemplar, as proof that some small fraction of us will survive a century of labor, of wars, social upheavals and personal loss. He is not mute testimony to antiquity, as is an Egyptian dagger, nor even a reliable history book, but simply a man, gotten this far by his wits and pugnacity. His is the message of the athlete. "Always get up."

"The one thing he has hated all his life," says Aunt Vivian, "is loss of control, loss of his dignity. Now he can't stand getting old, even though the reason he got this old is because he can't stand getting old." His pride, once his salvation, is his danger. Grandad still acknowledges no limits. After one painful morning, he danced and shadowboxed in the afternoon. "I always come back," he said, then mowed the lawn and dug up his tomato plants. Having done too much, he was in pain again the next morning.

Yet I write this knowing full well that Grandad will read it with a critical eye. And he is not yet beyond a poke at my defenseless nose.

So let him read no preachments on moderation. I will say only that his toughness is absolutely without end. **END**

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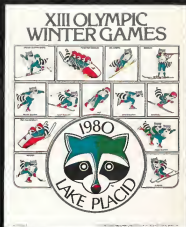
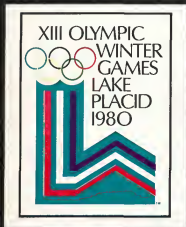
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SHOW FLURRIES

Sir:

With the temperature plummeting below zero, the wind-chill readings falling to intolerable levels and the snowfall exceeding predictions, the last thing I needed was a Winter Sports Special (Dec. 11). Being on your annual swimsuit preview!

MARK SINZ
Oshkosh, Wis.

Sir:

John G. Zimmerman's photographs of ski bowls (Whoopie Wonderland, Dec. 11) left me spellbound. They were so lifelike that I thought I was there instead of here in rainy Virginia.

JOHN W. KRAUS
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

I must admit that your article on ski bowls was informative, interesting and exciting. But when William Oscar Johnson concludes by saying, "Bow! skiing is as good as skiing gets," I have to disagree.

Tree skiing is the ultimate. It is steep and challenging, and the quality of the snow is better, because the trees offer more protection from wind and sun.

MAX ROSENFIELD
San Francisco

ICE CLIMB

Sir:

The article *Daring Young Man on a Tower of Ice* (Dec. 11) is a fascinating account of a challenging experience. The superb writing of William Oscar Johnson allowed me to admire both the climber and the poetry of his movement. This was more than a story, it was a gift of sharing.

RABBI ELLIOT HOLIN
Westlake Village, Calif.

Sir:

The account of Jeff Lowe's solo ice climb was most engrossing. Johnson writes with such a sense of realism and detail that one can almost imagine oneself clinging to frozen Bridalveil Fall. Also, my congratulations to Photographer Wilfrid A. Wood for some excellent pictures.

RICHARD A. PERRY
Minneapolis

SPARKS

Sir:

I was interested in your SCORECARD item (Dec. 11) on the Cincinnati Reds' firing of Manager Sparky Anderson. Executive Vice-President Dick Wagner's excuse for the firing was the weakest one I have ever heard. He said that Anderson didn't speak out strongly against Pete Rose's defection. What

could Anderson say? He had no control over the pinstripings.

If the Reds are smart, they'll fire Wagner and John McNamara, Anderson's replacement (I use that term loosely), then rehire Anderson and his coaches and give the rest of the unsigned players everything they want.

ERIC-MORGAN SCHULTZ
McKinleyville, Calif.

Sir:

I suggest not a fan boycott of Opening Day, but a totally silent crowd. Picture 50,000 Cincinnati fans sitting in Riverfront Stadium for three hours with their arms folded, uttering not a sound. That should let the sports world know how we feel about the shabby treatment of Sparky Anderson by Dick Wagner.

DAVID E. CARTER
Ashland, Ky.

PRIDE AND POISE

Sir:

Pride comes easily to an Oakland Raider fan, what with the Raiders having post-football's best record over the previous 10 years.

Poise, however, is difficult to maintain when guys like Joe Marshall try to wipe that pride away because of one poor game (The Bronco Say Thanks, Dec. 11).

BILL RAKERS
Marshalltown, Iowa

Sir:

Why can't everybody let the Oakland Raiders die in peace?

ALAN R. EAGLE
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

BALLAD AND GRETZKY

Sir:

How can Toronto Maple Leaf owner Harold Ballard (A Tongue on the Loose, Dec. 11) be against an NHL-WHA merger? Look at the NFL and the NBA. They merged with or absorbed their rival leagues and are successful. It seems to me the NHL can use all the help it can get. Ballard should be trying to help the whole league, not just himself. Not even Jerry Kirshenbaum's fine article on the WHA's Wayne Gretzky (*Minor Miracle Up North*) could save this issue, but thanks for the picture of the Edmonton Oilers' Bill Flett.

FRED WEISS
Brooksville, Pa.

Sir:

A player of the caliber and potential of Wayne Gretzky is all the more reason for the WHA and NHL to merge. Then we who live in NHL cities can see this extraordinarily talented athlete.

R. P. FOX
Little Neck, N. Y.

MONDAY NIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Sir:

Regarding the "Monday night alternative," (TV/RADIO, Dec. 11), commercial time on the 1978 ABC telecasts was unavailable to Budweiser, so we purchased the CBS Radio package. Anxious to promote listenership, and thus increase the reach of our commercials, our brand team made an announcement at the outset emphasizing the excellence of the Jack Buck-Hank Stram broadcast team.

However, for reasons we do not completely understand, our announcement struck the fancy of certain journalists, including one at SI. As a result, Anheuser-Busch and Budweiser were put in the position of impugning, at least implicitly, the quality and character of the ABC-TV team.

While Buck and Stram have been excellent all season long, any suggestion that the ABC team is anything less than outstanding is to us both regrettable and untrue.

Let's face it. ABC-TV made Monday Night Football the American institution it has become, and the two of men in ABC's broadcasting booth deserves the lion's share of the credit. More to the point, if commercial time on the ABC telecasts were available, we would execute the buy without hesitation.

MICHAEL J. ROARKY
Vice President, Marketing
Beer Division
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
St. Louis

Sir:

With Jack Buck and Hank Stram reporting, you don't even need a TV to get a clear picture of what's going on.

ANTHONY ESPOSITO
Bowie, Md.

Sir:

My only regret is that this article was not published before the season started.

LARRY KRAUER
Jackson, Minn.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Sir:

Although I thoroughly enjoyed your college basketball issue (Nov. 27), I was disturbed by your failure to mention the U.S. Air Force Academy's women's team, which had a 20-2 record last season and was one of the best Division II teams in the Rocky Mountain area. Considering that last year's team was made up entirely of freshmen and sophomores, this year's should be even better.

CADET JOHN T. FARQUHAR
U.S. Air Force Academy, Colo.

Sir:

I read your survey of women's basketball continued

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most compacts and subcompacts.
Plus \$7.36 Federal Excise Tax.
Fits 13-inch rim. You save \$23.

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Feel the difference as you drive. Radial construction means less tread squirm for improved gas mileage plus better steering and handling than with bias ply or bias belted tires.

You get two fiber glass belts for strength and a wrap-around tread design to really grab hold of the road.

Sears Guardsman Radials.
Get 'em while they last.

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The Year In Sports 1978

Sports Illustrated's third annual special issue, *The Year in Sports/1978* will be out February 12, 1979.

Just think of what's already happened in sports in 1978, and you'll see why *The Year in Sports/1978* will be a sell-out issue.

- Steve Cautchen rode into history aboard Affirmed, taking the Triple Crown at 18.
- Nancy Lopez emerged as golf's brightest young star, winning five straight tournaments.
- Muhammad Ali lost his championship to Leon Spinks, and won it back again.

It is expected that this issue will equal, if not exceed, the same bonus distribution of 100,000 that *A Year in Sports 1977* enjoyed. This bonus was achieved through extra newsstand sales. Sports Illustrated's use of the issue for special promotions and use by advertisers.

Advertising availabilities in *The Year in Sports 1978* are national pages, national spreads, and multiple page units only.

The advertising sales closing date will be December 22, 1978, or when contracts for 54 pages are received prior to that date.

The Year in Sports 1978 will carry more editorial pages than ever before, and 90% of them will feature full-color photographs selected from the more than half million frames shot annually for Sports Illustrated. Make sure you're part of it.

The Year in Sports/1978



10TH HOLE continued

and was intrigued to note that Chris Crutell will perform for Old Dominion. She already has played for two Canadian universities, Winnipeg (1975-76) and Laurentian (1976-78). Let's stop pretending that this is collegiate athletics. Women's sports do not seem to have profited at all from the mistakes of men's intercollegiate athletics.

JOHN H. WILKIE
Due West, S.C.

• Because Crutell is attending Old Dominion on a sports scholarship given by the Canadian government, the AAUW has ruled her ineligible to play with the Lady Monarchs this season. However, Crutell plans to return to Old Dominion next year and is expected to play out her remaining season of eligibility then —ED

GREAT GAMES

Sir,

You put together an excellent college basketball preview. However, in Steve Wolf's article on the small colleges, he focuses on the Hamilton Continentals, a marvelously talented Division III squad that went 23-3 last year. The Continentals had the nation's longest winning streak—21 games—a year ago, until they met the Great Danes of Albany (N.Y.) State, who shocked Hamilton 94-83, and then proved it was no fluke by defeating the Continentals 101-95 a few days later to win the ECAC Update New York Tournament. The Great Danes have another strong team this season.

PALL SCHWARTZ
Lynbrook, N.Y.

MAKE ROOM FOR PETRIE

Sir,

In your review of college basketball's vintage years (Nov. 27), you omitted Geoff Petrie from the class of 1967-70. There's no doubt that the players mentioned (Maravich, Issel, Lanier, Murphy, Mount, Scott, Archibald, Cowens and Tomjanovich) were the cream of the crop. However, Petrie must be considered a member of this elite group. After a fine career at Princeton, Geoff played six seasons with the Trail Blazers. In his last year, Geoff became the seventh rookie in NBA history to score 2,000 or more points, which earned him co-Rookie of the Year honors with Dave Cowens. Unfortunately, recurring knee problems forced him to retire at 28, when he was still in his prime.

MILHAAS J. WEBER
Vancouver, Wash.

VOICE OF THE WOLVERINES

Sir,

Thank you for the story on Bob Ufer (TV/RADIO, Dec. 4). The intensity of his Matze and Blue tunnel vision is equaled by the intensity of his love and concern for the game, its players and their fans. Ufer is first class all the way.

AARON PANDAK
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir,

I listen to Bob Ufer every Saturday there is a game I cannot attend.

JEFF KABAT
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

Several weeks ago I had to listen to Bob Ufer's description of the Michigan-Michigan State game on my rented car's AM radio. What a relief it was to reach my friends' home in Ann Arbor and listen to Tom Hemmings call the game on the university's FM station, WUDM. Having lived in Ann Arbor for nine years, I have formed the opinion that Hemmings is one of the ablest announcers in the business. Too bad John Paparek didn't do a piece on him instead of the sophomore Ufer, who is the worst announcer I've ever heard on a broadcast not coming from Chicago.

H. ANTHONY ASHIN
Portland, Ore.

DYNASTIC CLAIMS

Sir,

This is the third occasion of my writing SI, and all of my letters have been concerned with the same athletic achievement—namely, the winning of the Illinois Class 4-A high school football championship by Joliet (Ill.) Catholic High School.

The object of my first letter (1975) was to gain recognition for Joliet Catholic's feat and to make SI aware of the beginning of a dynasty. My second letter (1976) acknowledged the relative insignificance (to a national sports magazine) of that first championship, in light of all the high school teams that won state championships each year—but also pointed out that Joliet Catholic had done it again.

This letter, after a one-year hiatus (building my case, as it were), comes to advise you that the dynasty is in full swing. Joliet Catholic has just completed another undefeated season, shutting out all four championship playoff opponents en route to its fourth consecutive Illinois 4-A championship.

Additionally, the Hilltoppers have now won 32 consecutive games, won or shared their conference title in seven of the last eight years and won 58 of their last 60 games, 23 of them shutouts. Over their four championship seasons they have a regular-season record of 51-1.

I might add that Coach Gordon Gillespie not only guided Joliet Catholic's football team to the four championships, but he also coached Lewis University of nearby Romeoville, Ill. to three consecutive NAIA baseball championships.

Please, for Gordie and his young men, give Joliet Catholic some mention.

R. J. WILSTERMAN
Class of '57
Reno

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...than the 1978 LTD.**

The 1979 LTD was engineered to make driving on today's American Roads a pleasure. With a new combination of roominess, handling ease and driver convenience for the LTD. This new LTD is a beauty.

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“Us Tareyton smokers would rather **light** than **fight!**”

Your present filter is only doing half the job, because it doesn't have Tareyton's activated charcoal filtration. There is no substitute for Tareyton lights.

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